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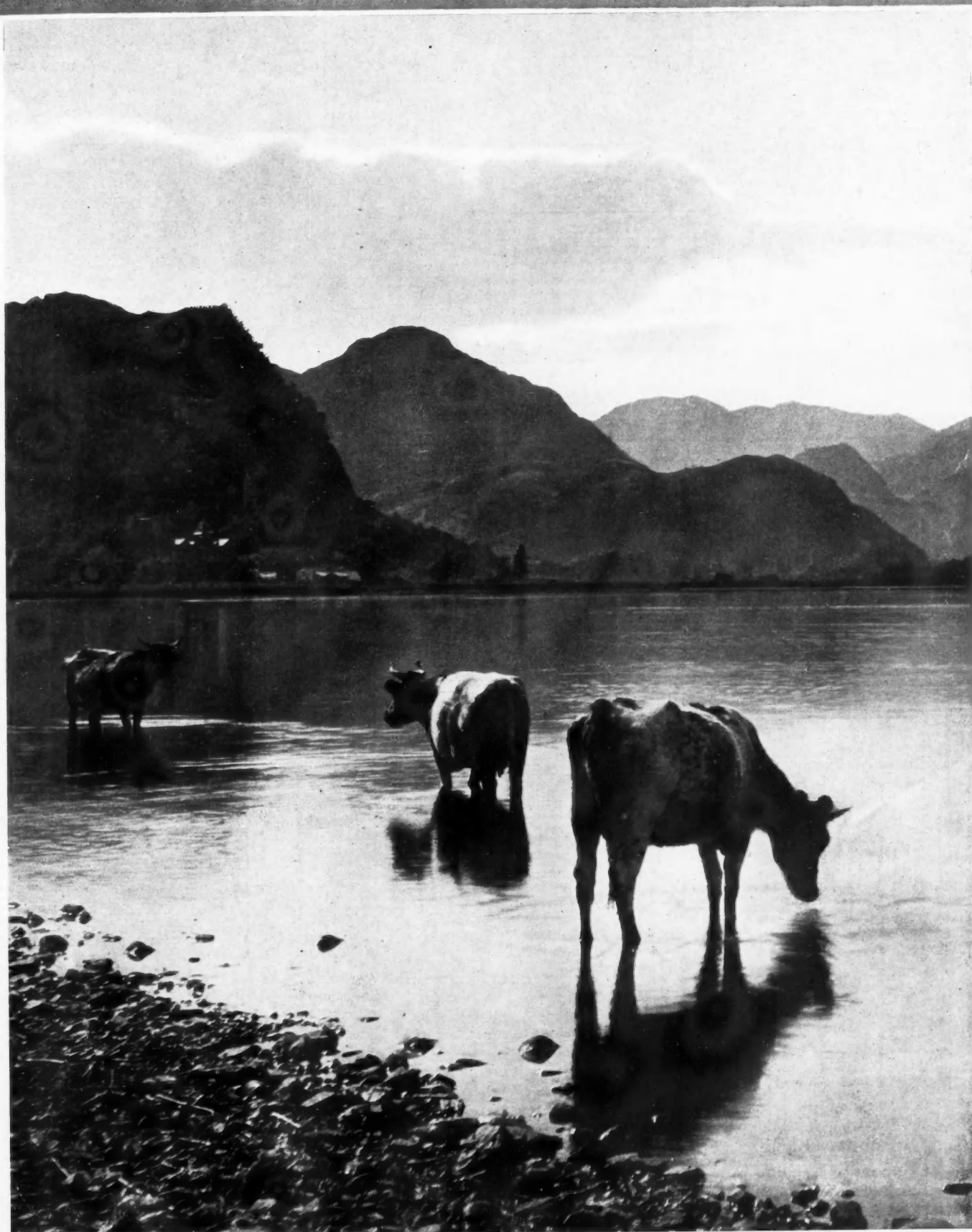
APR 18 1941

Country Life

MARCH 22, 1941

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G. P. ABRAHAM

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Advertisements for this column are accepted AT THE RATE OF 2D. PER WORD prepaid (if Box Number used 3d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Wednesday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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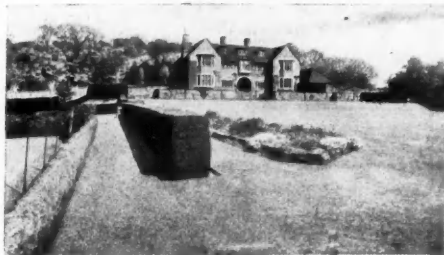
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WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE

Entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing, excellent bathroom, etc.

Co.'s services. Main drainage.

GARAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY KEPT GARDENS

Full details from HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. H.50,449.) (REG. 8222.)

For scholastic or other purposes.

CHELTENHAM, GLOS.

For Sale at a much reduced price.

A FINE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

Skilfully planned and in excellent order; halls, drawing room 48ft. by 17ft. 9in., winter garden, dining room 24ft. by 16ft. 6in., library, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms and well-fitted offices; all main services; Central heating. Garage with pit.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS of about 1½ ACRES; tennis lawn, 2 glasshouses, etc.

Further details and photos from HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. W.43,595.) (REG. 8222.)

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (Phone: WIM. 0081).

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861.

'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1

HERTS. £4,000. BARGAIN

300ft. up; easy daily reach London.

CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE

14 BED. 2 BATH. 3 RECEPTION.

BILLIARD ROOM.

Main services.

GROUND OF 2½ ACRES.

More Land available.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (11,469.)

FAREHAM (HANTS) near

FOR SALE, or to LET FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED
delightful old

RESIDENCE OF QUEEN ANNE PERIOD

9 Bed. 2 Bath. 3 Reception. Lounge hall.

Central heating. Main water and electric light. Telephone.

3 GARAGES.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS, old walled gardens, grassland.

6 ACRES.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,601.)

35 OR 250 ACRES

110 ACRES pasture, remainder arable and wood.

SUSSEX

LOVELY OLD MANOR HOUSE

FULL OF OLD OAK AND OTHER FEATURES.

3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. New drainage. Telephone. "Aga" cooker.

Stabling. Garages. 2 Cottages. Farmbuildings.

SECONDARY HOUSE (2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms).

FOR SALE AS WHOLE

OR WOULD SELL HOUSE WITH SMALLER AREA.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,249.)

GODALMING. £1,900

Fine secluded position on Charterhouse Hill.

MODERN RESIDENCE

Billiard room. 3 reception. Bathroom. 8 Bedrooms.

All main services.

STABLE. GARAGE.

CHARMING GROUNDS. 2 ACRES.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (16,213.)

£280 p.a. UNFURNISHED, balance lease

KENT—1½ hours London

All in excellent order.

BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE

300ft. up; lovely views; long carriage drive: accessible.

Lounge hall. 3 Reception. 2 Bath. 8 Bedrooms.

Main electric light, gas and water. Telephone.

2 GARAGES. STABLING. COTTAGE.

DELIGHTFUL WALLED GARDEN, orchards, tennis lawn, etc.

13 ACRES.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,650.)

HANTS

70 minutes London. Lovely position, 500ft. up, on sandy loam soil.

ALL IN EXCELLENT ORDER.

A most attractive modern character

RESIDENCE IN GEORGIAN STYLE

Billiard room, 3 reception, sun room, 3 bathrooms,

11 bedrooms.

Central heating. Main electricity. Telephone.

Garage for 3. Cottage.

HARD TENNIS COURT. DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

3½ ACRES. FOR SALE ONLY.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,649.)

£4,500 FREEHOLD

HENLEY-ON-THAMES

Grounds sloping in terraces to river, with landing stage.

Lovely views.

UNIQUE POSITIONED RESIDENCE

in excellent order.

3 reception rooms (one 34ft. long), 2 bath, 7 bedrooms.

Main water and electricity.

GARAGE for 2.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,615.)

£5,000.

65 ACRES

¾-mile Trout Fishing

DEVON

CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage, Stabling, Farmhouse and Buildings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.

Bathing pool. Pasture and Arable.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

£4,000.

GREAT BARGAIN

FALMOUTH HARBOUR

On Southern slope of wooded valley; 6 miles Falmouth, 10 Truro.

DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE

in excellent order.

HALL. 3 RECEPTION. 2 BATHROOMS.

5 BEDROOMS.

Main electricity.

2 GARAGES. BOATHOUSE.

LOVELY GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Frontage to Fal Estuary.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,320.)

Telephone No.
Regent 4304.

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

DEVON

An attractive small Residential and Sporting Property.
Up-to-date House, with 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; main electricity, central heating, etc.
Small Farm with modern House and good buildings.
HALF-MILE OF TROUT FISHING.
For Sale with or without the Farm.
Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,199.)

OXON AND BUCKS BORDERS

On the Western slopes of the Chiltern Hills, commanding fine panoramic views.
AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE with lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, Lodge, Stabling, Garage.
Matured gardens; hard tennis court, paddock and woodland; **ABOUT 20 ACRES.**
For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER. (14,191.)

HANTS

In a high and bracing district adjoining miles of lovely unspoilt country.
A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE OF GEORGIAN CHARACTER with 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Main services. Lodge. Stabling.
Well timbered gardens, orchard, paddock, etc.
ABOUT 10 ACRES.
For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,217.)

SUSSEX — Adjoining Golf Course.

700ft. up with fine panoramic views over Ashdown Forest.

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE BUILT IN THE TUDOR STYLE



Hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Thoroughly up-to-date and labour-saving, with all main services, central heating, lav. basins in bedrooms, etc.

Charming Gardens and Grounds, including lawns, rose and rock gardens, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc.; in all **ABOUT 2 ACRES.**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M. 1945.)

UNDER 40 MILES FROM LONDON.

A charming Old House of Character, dating from the XIIIth Century and containing many fine period features.

3 reception, 6-7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating.
Inexpensive gardens, prolific orchard, paddock, etc.
ABOUT 8 ACRES.

For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,160.)

WILTS

About 400ft. up, facing south, and enjoying good views of the Downs.

A DELIGHTFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE with 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom.

Electric light. Central heating.
Stabling. Garages. 3 Cottages.
Matured gardens and grounds, walled kitchen garden, etc.
ABOUT 3½ ACRES.

For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,214.)

HERTS.

ONLY £4,000.

About 350ft. up and commanding delightful views over wooded country.

AN OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER with 4 reception, billiard room, 7 principal bedrooms, secondary bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Cottage. Stabling.
Attractive grounds of about **3 ACRES.**
More land available if required.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,252.)

BEDS AND BUCKS BORDERS

Within 10 miles of Leighton Buzzard, Bedford and Luton.
In fine unspoilt rural surroundings.



A DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE OF CHARACTER

3-4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom. **Main electricity and drainage, main water available.** Garage, stabling. Attractive well-timbered grounds, orchard, paddock, etc.

ABOUT 6½ ACRES

For Sale at Moderate Price.

Agents, OSBORN & MERCER. (M. 2191.)

SALOP—CHESHIRE BORDERS

BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM. LONG STRETCH OF TROUT FISHING

The Residence stands high on sandy soil with southerly aspect, and has about 10 bedrooms, usual reception rooms, etc. Modern conveniences.

Cottages. Stabling. Splendid range of Farm-buildings.

Attractive pleasure gardens, parklands, rich, well-watered pastures; in all about

240 ACRES



For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER.

3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones :
Grosvenor 1032-33.

AN ARCHITECT'S HOME OF UNIQUE CHARM IN BEAUTIFUL ORDER AND CONDITION
DEVON—DORSET BORDERS. SUPERB VIEWS TO THE SOUTH



DUE SOUTH ASPECT—UNINTERRUPTED VISTA.

STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN HOUSE

PANELLED ROOMS and FINE PLASTER WORK.

2 RECEPTION ROOMS.
8 BEDROOMS.
2 BATHROOMS.

*Luxuriously fitted.
H. and c. water upstairs.*

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

LARGE GARAGE.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

TERRACED GROUNDS,
sloping sharply.

Excellent walled kitchen garden.



HANDSOME "LIVING ROOM," 45ft. by 16ft.

ABOUT 1 ACRE. ONLY 5,000 GUINEAS FREEHOLD

THE WHOLE PROPERTY FORMS AND PRESENTS A MOST CHARMING SETTING AND IS READY TO OCCUPY WITHOUT FURTHER OUTLAY.

Personally recommended with every confidence by the Owner's (London) Agents: Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (9898.)

THESE FINE HOUSES ALL WITHIN 20 MILES OF LONDON
IDEAL FOR BUSINESS EVACUATION OR OTHERWISE

HERTS-MIDDX. BORDERS

Electric train service.

GABLED HOUSE OF DISTINCTION

3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 baths.

All main services.

GARAGE. HARD COURT. COTTAGE.
GARDENS A FEATURE.

3 ACRES. FREEHOLD £7,000
(12,646.)

NEAR VIRGINIA WATER

Adjacent permanent open space.

GEORGIAN—LARGE ROOMS

4 reception, 12 bedrooms, 2 baths.

All main services.

GARAGES AND STABLING.
WALLED GARDENS. PADDOCK.

£5,500. 10 ACRES
(1963.)

CUFFLEY (L.N.E.R.) 1 MILE

380ft. up. Rural views.

PERIOD INTERIOR—GEORGIAN

4 reception, 14 bedrooms, 2 baths.

All main services.

GARAGES. COTTAGES (if required).
GARDENS AND WOODLAND.

2 ACRES. £4,000
(4230.)

Full particulars of the above properties can be obtained from Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines.)

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
68, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

WESTERN COUNTIES

NEAR MARKET TOWN.



ARCHITECT-BUILT RESIDENCE

3 reception. Study. 5 bed and dressing. 3 baths.
Main electric light and water, modern drainage,
central heating.

DOUBLE GARAGE. 2 ACRES OF GROUND.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.7071.)

WILTSHIRE

AMESBURY-LAVINGTON AREA.



FOR SALE FREEHOLD

6 bed, bath, 2 reception rooms, good offices.

Main water. Electric light available.

STABLING AND GARAGE.

PRETTY GARDENS in all about

1 1/4 ACRES

Further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.3495.)

500 FT. UP. SOUTH OF GUILDFORD

London 55 minutes.



A CHARMING PART XVIII CENTURY RESIDENCE. 9 bed, 3 bath and 3 reception rooms, panelled lounge hall, modern domestic quarters. Central heating; Co.'s electricity and water. Recently modernised and decorated. Garages. Lodge. 3 Cottages. Stabling. Model Farmery. The very pretty grounds include hard tennis court and swimming pool.

22 ACRES FREEHOLD. REDUCED PRICE

(Possession subject to Furnished Tenancy.)

Inspected and recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE and SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.1218.)

Also at
RUGBY,
BIRMINGHAM,

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1. (Regent 0911.)

OXFORD,
CHIPPING
NORTON.

LEICESTERSHIRE



MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER CHARNWOOD FOREST (near charming village; convenient for Leicester).—Accommodation: Main hall, lounge hall, study, dining room, sun room, etc., 6 bedrooms, dressing room, well-fitted bathroom, splendid offices, including servants' hall; garage 2 cars, room over. Also wonderfully fitted air-raid shelter; garden house; tennis court, kitchen garden; 2 paddocks; about 3 ACRES in all. Main electricity. Coy.'s water, central heating, main drainage. Lavatory basins in 4 bedrooms; oak floors.

PRICE FREEHOLD (no title) £4,250.

A really fine property at a moderate price. Vacant possession. — JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.19,786.)

SHROPSHIRE



500 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.—South-western aspect; magnificent views of Black Mountains; within short distance of two good towns. Lounge hall and 3 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, children's play-room; electric light. Charming grounds; good outbuildings.

PRICE £3,500 FREEHOLD.

Or would be Let Furnished.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.12,184.)

DEVONSHIRE



£3,500 FREEHOLD.—Near Station and bus route; splendid sporting district; 400 ft. up; southern aspect; lovely panoramic views. Stone-built RESIDENCE, away from main roads. Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Modern conveniences, 2 lodges and cottage; excellent outbuildings. Charming grounds and meadowland.

Total area ABOUT 14 ACRES.

Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.19,618.)

FOR SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD, WORCS., etc., and MID WALES, apply leading Agents: (Phone: CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, SHREWSBURY. 2061.)

FREEHOLD MODERN BUNGALOW, delightful situation; 11 Acres; 3 bed, 2 reception, loggia, garage. £2,000. The Shaws, Nizels, Hildenborough.

SALISBURY & DISTRICT.—ESTATE AGENTS. MYDDELTON & MAJOR, F.A.I., Salisbury.

Telephones:
Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines)

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

SHROPSHIRE

MEDIUM SIZED HOUSE

in quiet village, with extensive views.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Excellent offices. Large recreation room.

GARAGE FOR TWO CARS.

Attractive garden. Productive kitchen garden.

FOR SALE

OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED.

All further details from the Agents:— Messrs. CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

WILTS. ON THE BORDERS OF HANTS

EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Every convenience and comfort.

Garage. Stabling. 2 Lodges.

Lovely gardens and park.

ABOUT 84 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

IDEAL FOR LARGE COMMERCIAL ORGANISATION

LARGE WEST COUNTRY MANSION

containing about 40 bedrooms and ample bathrooms. Several cottages.

ABOUT 200 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE PRIVATELY, WITH THE FURNITURE.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

DEVONSHIRE

HALF A MILE OF TROUT FISHING.

STONE-BUILT HOUSE

Containing 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Main electric light. Central heating.

Garage. Stabling. Good gardens.

FARMHOUSE containing 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 sitting rooms.

IN ALL ABOUT 74 ACRES

OR WOULD BE SOLD WITHOUT THE FARM.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

EXCELLENT FARM INVESTMENT IN MIDLANDS

8-ROOMED FARMHOUSE

Good buildings. 2 capital Cottages.

ABOUT 180 ACRES (mainly pasture).

PRICE £5,500

THE VENDOR WILL RENT BACK THE FARM AT £290 P.A.

Agents, CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

COTSWOLDS

ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE

on the outskirts of a village.

7 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, usual offices.

Central heating throughout. Main electric light.

Water and drainage.

LODGE. GARAGE. 2 COTTAGES.

ABOUT 7 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

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5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones:
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).
ESTABLISHED 1875.

40 MILES FROM LONDON



A very Charming Residence

built and converted in the farm-
house style.
*Up to date and in first-class
order throughout.*

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

8 BEDROOMS.

2 BATHROOMS.

Main water, gas and
electricity.

GARAGE (for 2 cars).

2 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

Delightful playroom.

LAWN TENNIS COURT.

PROLIFIC KITCHEN GARDEN.



Beautiful Grounds and fine woodland merging into heathland and several paddocks.

For Sale Freehold with from about 25 to 72 Acres

GOLF AND RIDING OVER MILES OF COMMONLAND.

Confidently recommended by the Sole Agents, CURTIS & HENSON. (16,432.)

CORNWALL (3 miles from Bude; in a sheltered position facing South). The Residence, substantially built of stone with tiled roof, contains 2 reception rooms, kitchen and domestic apartments, 7 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms. Central heating; electricity and Company's water. Garage and outbuildings. Beautiful grounds with hard tennis court, orchard and vegetable garden; in all about 5 ACRES. For Sale Freehold. Apply: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,163.)

DEVONSHIRE (7 miles from Exeter).—A FINE MODERN HOUSE, 450ft. up, amidst sloping woodlands. 4 reception rooms, servants' sitting room. 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Garage and stabling, 2 cottages. Charming Grounds, with tennis court and swimming pool. Rough shooting over 600 acres. TO LET UNFURNISHED at £300 per annum. Apply: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,431A.)

WORCESTERSHIRE (near Pershore).—Beautifully furnished QUEEN ANNE HOUSE. South aspect and near the River Avon. 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms. Electricity and good water supply. Garden and tennis court.

TO LET FURNISHED at 8 guineas per week.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,457.)

HERTFORDSHIRE

Near to station with express train service to London.

MODERN RESIDENCE

built of the best materials.

LOUNGE HALL.

2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 6 BEDROOMS,

2 BATHROOMS.

Central heating. Company's water supply.

GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS

tennis court, sunk lawn, lovely rock garden, vegetable garden; in all nearly

2 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Apply: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,151.)

SOMERSETSHIRE

STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

with old mullioned windows, standing in finely timbered grounds.

4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' sitting room and domestic offices.

Electric light. Main water.

EXTENSIVE GARAGE AND STABLING.

Gardener's cottage and outbuildings.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS

interspersed with matured specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES.

GOLF.

PRICE £3,250 FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)



STUART HEPBURN & CO.

War-time Address: FULKING, HENFIELD, SUSSEX

Telephone:
POYNINGS 74

SECLUDED HERTS-BUCKS BORDERS

A XVth CENTURY GEM NESTLING IN ITS WELL-TIMBERED 7½ ACRES

300 FEET ABOVE SEA. NEAR BERKHAMSTED

1 HOUR TOWN, WITH PERFECT SECLUSION.



AN OLD-WORLD BLACK-AND-WHITE FARMHOUSE LUXURIOUSLY MODERNISED

in perfect order and ready to step into. The accommodation, entirely on 2 floors, comprises:—

8 BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS AND 3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

Outbuildings include stabling, gun room, 2 garages with games room over.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER.
INDEPENDENT HOT WATER.

MODERN DRAINAGE.
OUTGOINGS LOW.

THE GROUNDS WHICH ARE INEXPENSIVELY MAINTAINED

include: Flower garden with lily pond, productive kitchen garden, 2 well-matured orchards, and 2 paddocks; extending in all to

NEARLY 8 ACRES.

FREEHOLD AT MARKET PRICE

For full particulars, with Illustrated Brochure, apply: Messrs. F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1 (Reg. 2481); or to Messrs. STUART HEPBURN & CO., as above.



14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

WILSON & CO.

Telephone :
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines).

THE FINEST POSITION IN THE HOME COUNTIES

Under an hour South. 500ft. above sea level. Superb views.

REPLICA OF AN EARLY ENGLISH MANOR



In faultless order. Much oak panelling.

Polished oak floors.

Lounge, 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.

Main electricity. Central heating.

Every modern requirement.

Squash racquet court.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

GARAGE (for 6 cars). STABLING.

2 COTTAGES.

15 ACRES OR MORE

This exceptionally choice property is available to be Let or might be Sold.

Highly recommended by the Owner's Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

DELIGHTFUL POSITION ON SURREY BORDER



LOVELY OLD HOUSE, beautifully appointed, with fine panelling and oak beams. 10 bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 reception and large music room. Main water and electric light; central heating. Entrance lodge. 2 Cottages. Garages. Farmery.

WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS AND SMALL PARK.

FOR SALE WITH 40 ACRES

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

4 MILES FROM HAYWARDS HEATH, AMIDST BEAUTIFUL SUSSEX SCENERY

50 MINUTES FROM LONDON BY EXPRESS ELECTRIC TRAIN. EASY REACH OF THE SOUTH COAST. HIGH UP. SOUTH ASPECT.



LOVELY OLD-WORLD HOUSE

Fine old oak panelling and beams. Luxuriously appointed and in perfect order.

7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, large lounge and 3 reception rooms.

Main electric light and water. Central heating.

COTTAGE. BUNGALOW. STABLING AND GARAGE.

ONE OF THE SHOW GARDENS OF SUSSEX



THE SUBJECT OF LARGE EXPENDITURE. LEASE FOR DISPOSAL WITH 14 ACRES.

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

Will our clients and staff in the Forces please note:

We announce, with regret, that owing to further enemy action, our Offices, recently at

16, QUEEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1,

have now been removed to

No. 8, HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1.

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS AND ESTATE AGENTS.
LONDON, NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS, CIRENCESTER, YEOVIL AND DUBLIN.

"HOLLY LODGE," BERGH-APTON
(formerly the residence of Lord Canterbury).
Secluded situation 7 miles south of Norwich.

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE in 4 Acres. 3 reception, 5 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 2 baths, servants' sitting room and 2 bedrooms. Main electricity. Ample outbuildings. Gardener's Cottage near; reliable man will remain. £2,400 or near.—Apply, R. H. SPRAKE, Estate Agent, Bungay, Suffolk.

GLoucestershire. — Old-world RESIDENCE to be SOLD. Freehold, in a small market town; 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms; central heating, electric light, main drainage, Company's water; garage; attractive pleasure gardens, about half an acre.

Particulars from DRIVERS, JONAS & Co., Chartered Surveyors, 7, Charles II Street, St. James's Square, S.W.1. Phone: Whitehall 3911.

FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET

TO LET, FURNISHED, FROM APRIL 1st.
NO. 80, TINWELL ROAD

STAMFORD. — A delightful up-to-date RESIDENCE, with lawns, flower and kitchen garden, garage and outhouses.—Messrs. RICHARDSON, Land and Estate Agents, Stamford. Tel.: 3315.

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THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,
(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

WOLVERHAMPTON. — Gentleman's RESIDENCE; 4 reception, 7 bedrooms; garage 3 cars; 1-acre plot. Built 1898. £2,750; vacant possession.

SKELDING & BOUTHER, Darlington Street, Wolverhampton.

FARM WANTED

GENTLEMAN'S FARM. — 100-150 or 200-250 Acres REQUIRED, with vacant possession, in Yorkshire, Westmorland or South Durham; modern adequate buildings essential. Must have all services in house. Mixed farm preferred. Up to £10,000.—Particulars to JACKSON STOPS and STAFF, 15, Bond Street, Leeds 1.

HAMPSHIRE & SOUTHERN COUNTIES
17, Above Bar, Southampton. WALLER & KING, F.A.I.
Business Established over 100 years.

SUPREMELY FASCINATING

Specimen reproduction white cottage residence with oak beams, floors, doors, etc. Old English brick fireplaces.
One Acre delightful Gardens.

COBHAM (Surrey). — Nothing short of an actual inspection will enable you to appreciate this beautiful Residence, built and fitted at great expense only a few years ago. 2 magnificent reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, maid's room, 2 BATHROOMS, excellent offices. Large Garage. Much below cost at £3,250 freehold. — Photos of MOORE & Co., Agents, Carshalton. (Wallington 5577.)

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The Charming and Substantially-
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8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 recep-
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 sitting room, complete domestic
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Double Garage. Heated
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 DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS with
 spreading lawn, with space for a
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 beds and borders, small kitchen
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VACANT POSSESSION
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Pair of semi-detached cottages.

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Situated 200ft. above sea-level. South aspect.

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 complete domestic offices.



"Aga" cooker.

Company's water and electric lighting.

GARAGE FOR SEVERAL CARS.
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In most delightful country, 5 miles from Main Line Station and 5 from first class Educational Centre.

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Excellent water. Electric light. Central heating.

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LOUNGE AND INNER HALLS,

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2 SETS OF BUILDINGS.

Farm well equipped with machines and implements, which together with live-stock can be taken by valuation if wanted.

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500ft. up, in a safe and quiet locality, about 5 miles from Ludlow. Magnificent views.

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GARAGE (2 CARS) WITH ROOM OVER.

Electric light and other conveniences.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS

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Co.'s electric light and power. Central heating, etc.

GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

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"A FLICK OF THE WRIST"
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"Kill greenfly with Derris."
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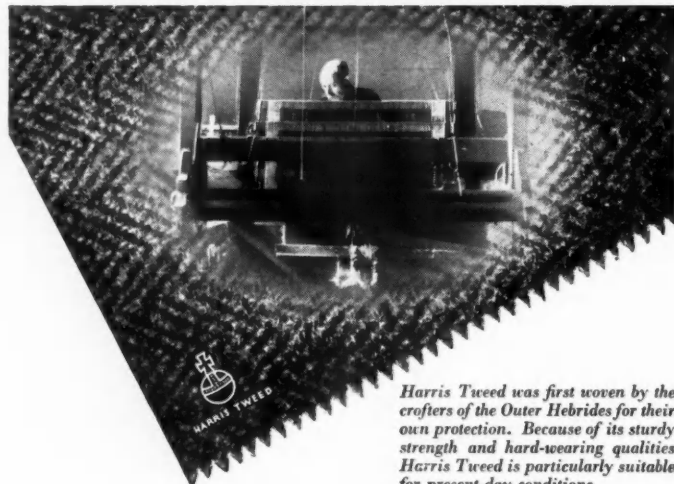
	1lb.	1lb.	2lbs.	7lbs.
BORDEAUX	—	16	26	76
DERRIS	13	2-	34	83
FUNGICIDE	16	26	46	11-

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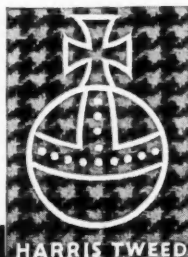
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CHOOSE walking shoes with Zug uppers this Spring and you can look forward with complete confidence to a season of perfect foot comfort. Extreme toughness, exceptional flexibility and complete resistance to water make Zug leather ideal for strenuous walking, no matter what the weather may be. Zug ensures long wear and sound service, with good style and appearance.

Zug has a printed grain; Aquatite has a smooth surface, is lighter in weight and is very popular with ladies.

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ZUG UPPER LEATHER

W. & J. MARTIN - TANNERS - GLASGOW

COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2305



Harlip

161, New Bond St., W.1

THE HON. SUSAN NORTH

Miss Susan Silence North, who is the younger daughter of the late Hon. Dudley North and of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley North, is to marry Captain R. B. W. Bolland, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bolland. Miss North is a member of the M.T.S. and is a stretcher party driver.

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES: 2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.
 Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 7351
 Advertisements: TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2. Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 4363

"Country Life" Crossword No. 582 p. xxi.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: INLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2½d.

FERTILISERS CAN GIVE US MUCH MORE FOOD

WITH only a limited amount of land at our disposal increased food production at home can result only from more intensive farming. This can be achieved in two ways: by increasing the proportion of arable land to grass and by increasing the yields per acre of the arable land. Hitherto most prominence has been given to the first method, because of our large amount of grassland and because of its enforcement by the Ministry of Agriculture's plough-up policy. It enables us to cash accumulated reserves of fertility in our grazing land, and should improve the pastures when they again go down to grass. It must be an essential part in any grow-more programme, and already, as we know, it has achieved impressive results. In addition to the possibility of crop failures on newly ploughed grassland, however, the plough-up policy has the serious disadvantage of requiring extra labour to plough, till and harvest at a time when labour is scarce and expensive. Increasing the yield per acre is free from these disadvantages, and its great potentialities are made abundantly clear in an important pamphlet just issued by Dr. E. M. Crowther and Dr. F. Yates on the fertiliser requirements of arable crops.

These writers have summarised the results obtained from all one-year fertiliser experiments in the country since 1900. They have determined the responses of different crops to artificial manures, and have calculated what gains could be expected from increased manuring. For each fertiliser and each crop they have calculated what they call the optimal dressing. It is the amount per acre giving the maximum financial return, i.e., giving the maximum difference between its cost and the value of the increase in crop. The optimal dressing is by no means as large as that giving the maximum yield, but even so its use would give impressive returns. The increase in value of arable crops on pre-war acreages with the optimal dressing of nitrogenous fertiliser is estimated at £29,000,000, for phosphate fertilisers at £8,900,000, and for potassic fertilisers at £5,400,000.

It is lack of nitrogen from which our crops have suffered mainly, for the average dressings of phosphate and potash have more nearly approached the optima. These, unlike nitrogen, are partly retained by the soil, so that much of our soil now contains reserves and is therefore in a particularly favourable condition to respond to increased dressings of nitrogen. The reserves of potash and phosphate vary with soil and climate, and to conserve our supplies of these plant foods they should be used only where local knowledge or soil analysis shows them to be needed, and for crops which respond to them. Dung is also an important source of these, and except for potatoes, which need additional potash, there is little gain in applying them to land that has received dung.

Contrary to general belief, dressings of inorganic nitrogen produce as much extra yield in crops with dung as in those without. It is largely in the root crops receiving dung and in the cereal crops that additional nitrogen is needed. Dr. Crowther and Dr. Yates give the optimal dressing for cereals as 3cwt. of sulphate of ammonia per acre, but they hesitate to recommend this because of the possibility of causing lodging. At the rate of 2cwt. per acre the increased yield on pre-war acreages would be about 1,200,000 tons—more than could be expected from 1,000,000 additional arable acres. The cash return, on 1940 prices, would be £17,000,000 for sulphate of ammonia costing £6,000,000. If only 1cwt. per acre were applied the return would be £11,000,000 for an outlay of £3,000,000. Before the war the average dressing was 0.3cwt. per acre, giving a return of about £4,000,000 for an outlay of £1,000,000.

For potatoes the optimal dressing is about 4cwt. of sulphate of ammonia per acre, giving an increase of 1.7 tons and a net

return of about £7 per acre, but dressings up to 7cwt. increase yields, although they reduce the net returns. To many the optimal dressings will seem unduly high. If so, it is worth noting that in Denmark, Holland and Belgium the consumption of nitrogenous fertilisers was four or five times as high as in this country, a fact that probably does much to explain why the wheat yields in these countries have increased by nearly 70 per cent. since 1880, while ours has increased by only 14 per cent. and is now much below theirs.

These figures suggest that before the war malnutrition was even commoner among our crops than Sir John Orr found it to be among our people. Whether this was caused by ignorance or economic considerations cannot be discussed here; but whatever the reasons for the neglect of fertilisers then, it is important that it should now be realised that if our crops are well fed they will respond nobly. In war-time it may not be possible to apply all that the crops can usefully employ, but increased use of fertilisers, coupled with measures to reduce loss by diseases and pests, will obviously do much to relieve our shipping from the burden of bringing us so much of our food.

WILD LIFE AND THE WAR

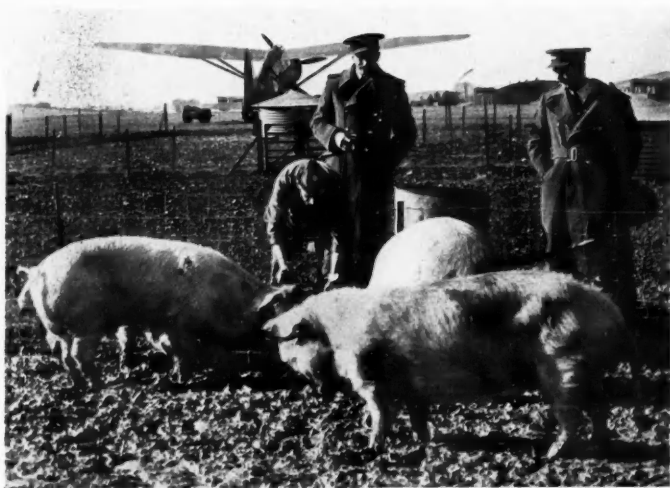
ONE result of the capture of Kisumu will be that the export from that port of ivory and rhino poached from northern Kenya with the cognisance of the Italian authorities will cease. In seven months of 1938 five tons of ivory, representing some 300 elephants, was exported, and since, as everybody now knows, Italian Somaliland is not the country to harbour elephants or rhino, there is no doubt that the products came from across the Kenya frontier. Mr. C. W. Hobley, Secretary of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, had several things to say about the effect of the war in Africa on wild life, in the paper he read on Tuesday to the Society of Arts. The war itself will probably not affect it seriously, though it was good to hear that the G.O.C. in East Africa has appointed a military game warden. But he emphasised that the next ten years may be highly critical for the future of wild life, whether from increased immigration, the settling of game country, or other changes in the balance of life. He gave some interesting instances of how unforeseen effects are produced. The domestication of the Masai in Tanganyika and Kenya, for example, by which they are encouraged to "ranch" their cattle, will necessitate the virtual extermination of the larger carnivora; the result, as already on the Serengeti Plains, will be a huge increase in the wild grass-eating animals, overstocking, and then most likely a plague of rinderpest. In the Albert Park in the Belgian Congo a huge tract is set aside exclusively for wild life, into which no man may penetrate. The praiseworthy motive is defeating itself because the grass that used to be periodically burned by the natives now grows into tangled jungle and scrub which the antelopes find intolerable, and so have migrated. Mr. Hobley's moral is that only the existence of powerful public opinion will ensure the survival of wild life in general, and then only if its haunts are scientifically supervised.

CONTROL OF LAND DEVELOPMENT

THE appointment of the new Uthwatt Committee by Lord Reith to explore the possibilities of land speculation in bombed areas and to decide what ways can be devised to prevent it, will undoubtedly be followed up—as Lord Reith himself has suggested—by a more general enquiry into the interdependence of land ownership and reconstruction. The debate in the Lords showed that this eternally controversial topic was still regarded by some of our legislators as a political preserve. It is a pity that it should be so in times like these. "God gave the land to the people" and "What we have we hold" are no slogans for to-day. Lord Reith promises that the Uthwatt enquiry shall be entirely "objective," and we may take it that this will apply also to the new Ministry's treatment of the wider problems involved. The Barlow Commission suggested a way out of the political morass in their report on the Distribution of the Industrial Population, but they refused to stand sponsor for it and recommended that it should be given expert examination. The essence of the proposal was the purchase by the State of development rights in all undeveloped land. It will now be the business of the new Ministry of Building to consider it, and they will be materially assisted by a memorandum on the subject which has just been addressed by the Chartered Surveyors' Institution to Lord Reith. The main points of the proposal are set out in detail; the advantages and drawbacks from the point of view both of landowner and public are considered, and the survey is completely objective. It is not the purpose of the authors of the memorandum to draw conclusions, but they point out the great opposition there would be from all owners of land at being deprived of any control over its destiny. If any headway is to be made during the war with plans for reconstruction, it is essential to have an early decision as to whether the State acquisition of development rights shall or shall not be one of its bases.

SIR WALFORD DAVIES

THERE are some people, of whom Sir Walford Davies was a shining example, whose gift for enlisting the sympathy and understanding of all with whom they come in contact defies definition. They are the predestined teachers, and one of them may alter the outlook of a generation on the subject he teaches. Though *Everyman*, with its simple and deep religious feeling, rapidly became a household word in those circles all over the country in which singing and instrumental music were cherished (or revelled in) as methods of expression rather than as sources of relaxation and entertainment, the late Master of the King's Musick was little known to the "unmusical" public—what highbrows call the



AN R.A.F. PIGGERY

Food production by service units in their spare time has been making progress at camps and also at aerodromes. The Army Co-operation School keeps 80 pigs, producing £600 a year profit which goes to the welfare fund and into war loan, besides contributing to the nation's food supply on land temporarily lost to agriculture.

musical illiterates—until he undertook to teach the troops at the end of the last war how good music could be and how well, if they tried, they themselves could make it. From then on, his unique talent was diverted from composition to education, and the country's debt to his work in imparting knowledge and enthusiasm to the young and the musically indifferent is difficult to overestimate. There are countries in Europe where nobody would acknowledge that he was incapable of making music or got no pleasure from it. That was not the case in Victorian and Edwardian England, but to-day there must be many thousands who have found a new interest in life which will enrich it to the end and who to their dying day will never forget those delightfully simple and enthralling explanations and the sympathetic and characteristic touch of Sir Walford Davies's hands upon the keyboard. His secret was no doubt his complete lack of superiority and his absolute refusal to believe that any human child or grown-up existed who could not get pleasure out of music. Even those who were completely tone-deaf could get more than a passing thrill out of rhythm and (like his opponents in the dark world of jazz) he acted on that assumption. He was the master of music to all the King's people, which is perhaps the finest possible achievement for a Master of the King's Musick.

FENLAND TURF

Click! click! I hear along the street
The sound of tiny iron-shod feet,
Where, down the dusty village road
The turf-man's donkey draws its load.
The cart piled high with sods of brown
Goes ambling through the little town;
And there the turf-man rings his bell
And shouts his fine dry peats to sell.
I like a coal fire's bonny blaze,
I like a wood fire's pretty ways;
But oh, for me a turf well-dried
Is better than all else beside.
For there I see the grass and reeds,
The flags, and roots, and water-weeds.
And breathe again the country scent
On fenland airs and am content.

ELIZABETH FLEMING.

THE CAMPS SCANDAL

CHARGES of waste and extravagance in the erection of military camps were revealed in the recent Report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure—charges which came as no surprise to those who remembered the circumstances at the time or, indeed, the similar circumstances in 1914. Unfortunately it seems inevitable, at least in this country, that a war takes us by surprise as regards many obvious preparations, which have then to be made good with feverish haste at a great deal of expense. In view of the urgency for erecting camps, with winter coming on, the War Office practically gave *carte blanche* to contractors through the "cost plus" arrangement, which virtually surrendered any control whatever over expenditure. What was not inevitable is that scarcely any architects were employed to supervise the work of construction. No doubt the War Office considered that, having decided on the type of buildings and lay-out needed, there was no further need of architects' interference. Costs would probably have been high in any case, particularly as they were sometimes due to the Army changing its mind; but there can be little doubt that supervision by trained experts could have avoided some of the grosser instances of wasteful expense. We read of type plans being issued which, naturally enough, proved very costly to carry out literally on certain sites. Architects are trained to make the best adjustments between circumstances and requirements, whereas contractors and even quantity surveyors are not necessarily so trained. Yet, all the while, architects were kicking their heels, their jobs held up by limitation of supplies, and themselves "reserved" from joining the Forces. No wonder if some of them read the Report with a certain degree of cynicism.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

A Rascality of Magpies—Weasel Packs—The Mole Weasel—The Chauffeur's Trout—The "Growmore" Series—Pigeons in the Snow—A Shooting Disaster

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

WHILE I was driving through a forest lane recently a solitary magpie flew over the hedge, and to ward off evil I crossed myself, uttered a blessing and a curse, and spat over my right shoulder in accordance with the teaching of an Irish gardener years ago. Before the bird had disappeared from view a second magpie got up, making all my precautions unnecessary and putting me all right with the Fates. Then there followed in quick succession five more birds—seven in all, obviously last year's pair with their complete brood still working together, though the breeding season is drawing near.

As I could not recall the old country rhyme about gatherings of magpies beyond four I do not know what is coming to me, but feel sure that some erudite reader of COUNTRY LIFE will be able to set my mind at rest; or otherwise? The jingle, as I remember it, starts:

One for sorrow, two for joy,
Three for a girl, four for a boy.

But what happens when one reaches the sinister number of seven I cannot imagine and dread to think: and what is the correct term to use for a collection of these birds? A rascality of magpies suggests itself.

Actually the belief that a solitary magpie brings bad luck, and is in some parts of the country regarded as a warning of death, was very effectually exploded for me during the last war. On August 4, 1914, having packed my camp kit and changed into uniform, I drove off to the Depot to report, and as I passed out of the gates of the drive a solitary magpie fluttered in front of the dog-cart in a most pointed manner. It struck me at the time that if ever a soldier setting forth to war received a warning of bad times to come and an early grave it was myself. Yet I came out of it with nothing worse than damaged ear drums, and at five minutes past eleven on November 11, 1918, I stepped into a most attractive civil appointment that kept me satisfied and *letus sorte mea* until I retired eighteen years later.

* * *

WITH regard to abnormal gatherings of creatures of the wild, I saw once five weasels working along a hedgerow and behaving in much the same fashion as hounds in a covert, but I have never had the luck, or bad luck, to meet one of those big packs of these animals that have been reported from time to time. I remember reading accounts of swarms of weasels attacking men who have interfered with them during these migrations, and were very badly bitten in consequence.

As a dry-fly fisherman, addicted to standing motionless on river banks waiting for the steady-rising trout that have been so rare in the last few seasons, I see a good bit of the life of the weasel, for he appears to find most of his food supply among the field mice and shrews that live near the water. I have frequently had weasels popping out of one hole and into another quite unconcernedly within six feet of my stance, which proves how often wild life will fail to notice the presence of human beings provided they stand absolutely motionless. It is a common habit with shooting parties, when wood-pigeons or a flight of duck appear unexpectedly overhead, for the guns to crouch down suddenly, in the belief that they are making themselves less conspicuous. Nineteen men out of twenty will do this, and in nineteen cases out of twenty there is far more chance of the birds coming within shot if the guns remain standing upright and do not move.

* * *

ALTHOUGH zoologists recognise only one weasel in the British Isles, the average Scottish keeper maintains that there are two varieties: the common weasel, which is about eight inches in length, and the mole weasel, which is much smaller. It is most unlikely that there is anything in this belief, as an unrecognised *carnivora* in this country of animal experts is out of the question, but I did shoot a weasel in Caithness that the keeper stated was of the mole variety, and without its tail it was little over four inches in length.

Perhaps Caithness, lying so far to the north and so close to the Arctic regions that the county is suggestive more of the Shetlands and Iceland, may produce, owing to the rigours of its climate, smaller animals than those that frequent more southerly regions. This theory, however, does not apply to partridges, for the few coveys to be found in these very unpartridge-like surroundings are composed of birds that are, if anything, larger and heavier than those from Norfolk and North Hampshire. Yet some 100 miles south in Inverness-shire the mountain-side partridges are almost Lilliputian and little bigger than the See-See, or Himalayan variety.

* * *

I SHOULD hate to think I am like the American who made a point of capping everybody's best story, and about whom I recounted an anecdote in my Notes recently, but that delightful article, "Kora and the Elk," by "C. H. K.," in the issue of March 1 brings out from the back shelves of memory's store-cupboard recollections of similar episodes. Life, especially sporting life, is almost a succession of instances where the absolute amateur achieves in five minutes of blundering endeavour that which the expert has been striving for during the years. "C. H. K.'s" story should yield a rich harvest of interesting letters from correspondents describing equally poignant, but amusing, episodes.

As a matter of fact, I cannot cap "Kora and the Elk," as it stands in a class by itself, and I doubt if it can be beaten. My story concerns a most redoubtable and extremely hard-working angler who went to Blagdon, the famous Somerset reservoir for giant trout and incidentally for Bristol's water supply, and happened to strike it in one of its sulkiest moods—and Blagdon can be very sulky. For three days he flogged the lake from dawn to dusk with every conceivable lure, and nothing rose—nothing moved. On the evening of the third day he took out with him his very bored chauffeur, and when the boat was in the middle

of the lake there came the distant shriek of a reel and Carr, the head-keeper, who was in the hut by the boat-house, shouted:

"Ah, he's into one at last, and a good one!" Then he seized the glasses, focussed them on the boat, and burst into laughter. "It's the chauffeur that has him," he said, "and he's playing it as if he had a steel wire hawser instead of a trout-line and cast."

When the boat came in after dark it contained a furious fisherman, an apologetic chauffeur, and one of the most magnificent 6lb. rainbows that ever Blagdon produced.

THOSE who have read and digested that inspiring production *How the Livestock Rationing Scheme Will Work* will be struck by the fact that it is one of the *Growmore Leaflet* series, and one marvels how the official mind can reconcile a policy of general reduction of stock and wholesale slaughtering with a slogan such as "Growmore." It goes to prove that the most difficult part of authorship is the selection of a title that is both apt and striking, and yet gives an adequate idea of the contents of the production.

What strikes me is that under the scheme poultry come off worst of all, and at this time of the year the average hen's future consists of five strenuous months during which she will lay from eighty to a hundred eggs at 2½d. each and end up as a "boiler" worth say 6s. As I am no good as a statistician, and do not know anything about Vitamins A and B, nor the cubic contents of the ordinary egg, I leave it to "Cincinnatus," or someone equally competent and capable, to work out the comparative food value and rations of the hen at this time of the year against those of steers, pigs and, shall we say, goats.

A FEW weeks ago I commented on wood-pigeon shooting, and stated that it was a thoroughly uneconomical proceeding, considering the number of cartridges required to bring down one pigeon. Since then the reduction in the meat ration, and the inclusion in it of various so-called offals that were previously unrationed, has put a different complexion on the matter, and to-day a wood-pigeon is well worth four cartridges even at 23s. a hundred. In any case, if in the course of one's wanderings one comes upon a fir wood, which the birds have selected as their roosting place for the night, it takes a very economically minded man to resist the temptation to stay put in his make-shift hide

until the cartridge-bag is empty. Having walked by chance on to what appeared to be the meeting-place of all the pigeons in the county one evening, I remained until the last cartridge was expended, including four SSG I keep in reserve for a chance roe deer; and I must admit that if a pigeon happens to run up against a stray SSG in the air he comes down very quickly.

It was a bitterly cold evening, with a carpet of snow on the ground and a biting nor'-easter blowing, but in under the shelter of a twenty year old plantation of Douglas firs it felt like creeping beneath an eider-down, and one realised why the knowledgeable pigeons had chosen it as a bedroom. I was well dressed for the part, as, anticipating something of the sort, I had included in my kit an old white kennel coat and an ancient Panama hat, and standing well out in the snow I was apparently far less conspicuous to the incoming pigeons than ever I have been in a carefully constructed hide.

WHEN one comes to think of the ease with which the majority of poultry-houses could be robbed at night, and the value of the occupants in these days, it is well worth while to insure against night marauders, and put a lock on the door as they do in the Southern States of America, where the Negro fowl-thief is a constant menace. Another useful deterrent to the roost-robbler—an American one—is to put a couple of barrels from a shotgun into the trees in the vicinity of the house if suspicious sounds are heard by night. If the poultry-thieves are at work, they will jump to the conclusion, on hearing the patter of shots in the branches, that they are being deliberately fired at, and will depart with a most surprising turn of speed.

Before shooting by night it is necessary to be quite certain of the geography of one's garden, as a friend of mine who adopted this method with orchard thieves put his two barrels into his own conservatory, with shattering results. This disaster, however, pales beside that created by one of my Camel Corps subalterns in Egypt, who, seeing a sneak-thief Beduin making off in the moonlight with practically all his worldly possessions in his arms, fired at him with a rifle. It had the desired effect, for the Beduin dropped everything, including his own slippers, shawl and knife, but the bullet found its mark in a case of whisky under the thief's arm, and of the complete dozen only one bottle escaped!

AN IRON AGE STRONGHOLD

WHAT is claimed to be the finest coast scenery in all Wales extends along the northern shore of the peninsula called Llyn, from the Menai Straits south-westwards, to end in Bardsey Island, the Land's End of North Wales. Midway across this stretch of

coast rise the three peaks of Yr Eifl, the Fork, (not, as Englished by tourists, the Rivals) standing sheer out of the sea, with no room for even a road between them and the shore. From every direction they form a striking group, although actually inconsiderable in height when compared with the giants of the Snowdon

massif, from which only a high valley separates them.

It is upon the eastern and the second highest of these peaks that archaeological interest has long been centred. For upon the summit, at a height of 1,591ft., stand the ruins of the greatest Iron Age hill fort in Wales, Tre'r Ceiri, which Mr. A. G. Bradley with some licence translated as "The Seats of the Mighty."

Equally fine, and similar in situation, was the contemporary fortress upon the summit of Penmaenmawr, the mountain rising sheer out of the waters of the Menai Straits. Around and through this mountain roads have always been made with much difficulty. But, alas! this is now almost a thing of the past, quarrying having practically destroyed it, and the very shape of the great mountain itself.

There is much quarrying also upon Yr Eifl, but so far it is confined to the seaward side, and Tre'r Ceiri would seem to be safe for the present.

Folk-lore and legend have naturally been busy with this place. Sloping steeply down to the sea from the highest summit runs Vortigern's Valley, which tradition makes the British leader's last refuge after he had been driven westwards by the invading Saxons. A stone coffin, taken from a tumulus here in the eighteenth century, was believed to afford confirmation of his death in this lonely place.

There is another story of a dreamer who dreamt of a copper cauldron full of gold to be found buried in Tre'r Ceiri: but nothing of the kind has yet been found.

The name does not afford much help in elucidating the history of the place: it was natural to ascribe such magnificent works to giants, and indeed the labour of moving such vast quantities of stone must have been immense.

Running past the foot of Yr Eifl is the old Saints' Road to Bardsey, one of the most famous of the ancient holy places of Wales, where are said to lie the bodies of twenty thousand saints or pilgrims. This road passed the village of Llanaelhaearn, which has an interesting church. A little farther to the west the road reaches its highest point, and there may begin the ascent to Tre'r Ceiri, a steep but not difficult climb, over rock and heather.

The actual summit is marked by a bold outcrop of rock, and its steepness suggests a natural fortress, the contour of which was



HUT FOUNDATIONS OF TRE'R CEIRI OVERLOOKING THE BAY OF NEVIN IN THE DISTANCE

followed by the builders. They surrounded it with a very massive rampart of dry, uncoursed walling from nine to ten feet thick. In places it is still ten feet high. This encloses an area of about five acres, sloping westwards from the highest point; and within this space are the remains of more than a hundred dwellings, mostly single-roomed, but a few of them double.

Like the outer rampart, these huts were very massively built of dry stone walling. Most of them were circular, but a few, including some of the many that nestle under the shelter of the great outer wall, were oval or rectangular with rounded corners. The groups of hut foundations are almost continuous.

Below the rampart, on the north-western slope of the hill, is a kind of annexe enclosed by a second wall. Possibly this may have been a cattle enclosure. It can hardly have been used for any kind of agriculture at such a height, though the remains of lower walls, which might seem to have divided the area into rectangular spaces, might suggest something of the sort.

The rampart was pierced by three gateways, a narrow one on the north, a slightly larger one on the south, and on the west, the main entrance, defended by flanking walls. All have the in-turned entrances which are characteristic of Iron Age hill forts and which were designed to make easier defence against attackers. There are features that show definite Roman influence. Along the main rampart runs an internal parapet walk about four feet wide, and there are traces of guard-houses within the entrance.

Excavations have revealed curiously few traces of occupation. This suggests that Tre'r Ceiri was not a permanent abode for any long period but was rather occupied only in times of danger, or during short periods in summer.

The finds include various iron objects, a bill-hook and an adze-hammer of a known Romano-British type, coloured beads, spindle whorls, a bone comb and various bronze objects of late Celtic design, including part of a fine

brooch plated with gold, a silver bracelet, and a considerable amount of potsherds, all Roman in type and to be dated from the beginning of the second to that of the fourth century A.D.

Dr. Mortimer Wheeler reported that "nothing found on the settlement need be earlier than *circa* 150 A.D." And the site has been abandoned since about 500 A.D.

In some of the hut dwellings the dry walling remains to a height of four feet. It may have

been continued upwards and inwards until a roof was formed, like those of the "bee-hive" huts of the early Celtic monasteries of Skellig Michael and elsewhere on the west coast of Ireland. Other huts may have been more simply roofed over with turf laid on branches, or thatched with heather.

What then was the purpose of this great stronghold, and who were the builders? Mr. A. G. Bradley says justly that there is nothing like it perhaps in all Wales for arousing one's curiosity about "speechless stanes," lying abandoned as they have been for fifteen hundred years. The Ordnance Survey is content hitherto to mark all such places as "British village," which is safe but hardly informing.

Some of the older antiquaries thought that Tre'r Ceiri, like the "Huts of the Goidels" in Anglesey, was a stronghold of the invading Irish, who poured into Wales after the departure of the legions. More natural was the conclusion that this was one of the numerous "last strongholds" of the British against the Roman invasion. Although almost impregnable, this was no place for a long stand: no well has been found within the enclosure, as there was at Penmaen-mawr, and the evidence found confirms this.

The latest authorities incline to the view that Tre'r Ceiri was built by native hillmen, but not so much against the Roman conqueror as with his consent, and that it was such as were built on hill-tops in Gaul. In this case it would be to guard against invasion from the western seas, and to supplement the thin line of Roman fortified stations, of which Segontium (Carnarvon), thirteen miles away, was the nearest.

It is even possible that there was organised in Wales some kind of native militia under their own leaders, such as was a feature of Roman frontier defence in the first century A.D. And thus, if not the work of giants in the personal sense, Tre'r Ceiri is a noble relic of an age of great achievement and of outstanding importance for Britain. M. WIGHT.



THE VIEW OF GYRN-DDU OVER THE OUTER RAMPART, WITH THE SNOWDON RANGE BEYOND



A MASSIVE STONE HUT STILL ALMOST COMPLETE

THE GULLIBILITY OF A GULL

By F. B. KIRKMAN

SOME time ago I described in an article in *COUNTRY LIFE* certain experiments I had made on black-headed gulls. These experiments were based on the fact that the birds occasionally roll an egg out of the nest owing to sudden alarm. In due course the egg is retrieved by the simple process of putting the underside of the beak on its farther side and rolling or scooping it backwards into the nest.

The experiments took the form of placing an egg substitute (ball, box, etc.) on the ground outside the nest six inches from its centre, this being about the distance to which the bird's own eggs are usually rolled out accidentally. The object was to find what kinds of substitutes the bird would retrieve. Since that article was written, several similar experiments have been performed.

In all the experiments here described the bird subject's own eggs were removed; it returned to an empty nest. The effect of this, as shown by supplementary experiments recorded in my book, *Bird Behaviour*, was to leave the bird without anything adequate to incubate, and, therefore, to make it more active in retrieving whatever had been placed outside.

Even with this stimulus, some of the birds might sit in the empty nest, with periods of restlessness, for as much as an hour or more, apparently unaware of the significance of the object, own egg or substitute, lying there in full view a few inches off. A bird might indeed look straight at the object, walk past or over it, and yet pay no attention to it. Then, when quietly sitting, it might all of a sudden stretch its neck towards the object, get up, go straight to it and begin retrieving.

This delayed perception is in itself a curious fact; it suggests that the bird finds some difficulty in recognising even its own egg when it has been taken out of its normal setting inside the nest. And that is what happens when the egg outside is only about six inches from the centre of the nest on which the gull (length sixteen inches, beak tip to tail) is sitting. If the egg is removed to say two and a half feet, perception, delayed or immediate, takes place only in a few individuals. For the rest the egg ceases to exist; it becomes as much an indifferent detail of the foreground as a blade of grass.

When the object, egg or substitute, is rolled back into the nest it is of course incubated, unless too uncomfortable to sit upon. If not removed, it continues to be incubated day after day. A rubber ball, left by itself in one nest, was incubated thirty days, the usual period being about twenty-three up to hatching. A sky blue wooden egg was sat upon for weeks and was deserted only when the time came to leave the gullery at the end of the breeding season.

With these preliminaries we now pass to what a black-headed gull will or will not retrieve as a substitute for its eggs.

It will retrieve only things that have the



GULL RETURNING A COTTON REEL, IN PREFERENCE TO ITS EGG, TO ITS NEST

three dimensions clearly marked. Flat objects, left lying by nests for some days, such as cardboard cut into geometrical shapes or bits of loose cloth, were left untouched, except by one bird that seized a square of cloth about the size of a small handkerchief and tossed it angrily farther from its nest. The bird's reactions to these flat objects show at least that it will retrieve only what has some kind of similarity to its eggs.

Within three-dimensional limits the bird will retrieve objects of almost any shape: round, square, cylindrical, irregular and otherwise. But it prefers egg-shaped objects, whatever the colour or the material. If offered a choice between its own egg and a substitute it will retrieve its own, thus demonstrating its capacity to discriminate.

If, however, its own is placed at ten or twelve inches from the nest centre, and the substitute is left at six inches, it is more likely than not to retrieve the substitute. Thus a few inches make all the difference.

This fact is recorded in the first photograph, in which a bird is seen retrieving a cotton-reel, its own egg being left behind.

To the rule that the gull discriminates between its own egg and a substitute there is an exception. If it is faced by its own egg side by side with an egg of another individual of the same species, it is impossible to predict

which it will retrieve first, even though the eggs differ in ground colour from olive brown to green and in the distribution, number and size of the markings. Out of ten birds that I tested, six chose the egg of another bird.

After egg-shaped objects the preference is given to round, owing possibly to resemblance to the big end of an egg. A popular round object is a golf ball.

How far the shape of the things retrieved may differ is illustrated by the second photograph. It shows a roll of pink glossy paper and a small bronze-coloured glass bottle, both about the size of a black-headed gull's egg (2½ ins. by 1½ ins.). The roll was retrieved by two birds out of nine and the bottle by three birds out of five, a high percentage.

A still more remarkable substitute is that also pictured in the photograph to the left below. It is a piece of knotted cotton fabric, the size of an egg, but in shape very unlike it. It was left outside the nests of ten birds for not less than an hour each and was ignored by all. In order to find out whether this was due, not to the shape, but to the surface appearance of the fabric, I covered a wooden egg smoothly with a piece of similar fabric and presented it to five birds. It was retrieved by three.

The negative response of the ten was, therefore, not due to the look of the fabric. It might be due to the object's irregular shape; it seemed as if it could hardly be due to anything else. Yet two birds out of five had already retrieved another irregular-shaped object—the road stone shown in the illustration in the centre of the next page. There was nothing to do but give the knotted cloth another run. It was presented to five more birds, making in all fifteen; it was retrieved by one bird.

There can be little doubt that the reason why this bird, unlike its fellows, retrieved the knotted cloth was that it had just taken its mate's place upon the eggs. It was fresh and eager to brood. Its attention, therefore, was probably directed more to the act of retrieving than to the object presented.

The incident exemplifies one of the difficulties of field experiment. An object may excite a reaction only if the circumstances, as here, are favourable. But in a brooding period of several hours one usually does not know whether the one or two hours available for each experiment are at the beginning of the period, when the bird's urge is strong, or at the end, when it is weak.

It is possible to meet the difficulty by multiplying the number of birds experimented with in the expectation that at some point in



OBJECTS RETRIEVED AND INCUBATED BY GULLS

A roll of pink glossy paper (2 in. × 1 in.), and a bronze-coloured bottle (2½ in. × 1 in.).
Knotted cotton fabric retrieved and incubated by one gull out of fifteen

the experiments a favourable coincidence of circumstances may occur.

Thus far the facts suggest that the black-headed gull will retrieve objects of almost any shape, with a preference for oval and round. Let us pass to size. There must of course be limits to size, but in the few experiments made I did not reach them.

The first is illustrated by the photograph on the right in which a bird is shown rolling into the nest a small pebble. Near it is a still smaller pebble about the size of a marble; it was also rolled in. Close examination of the flank of the nest above the smaller pebble illustrates the amazing innate skill that enables the bird to roll so small an object over so rough an ascent.

The second experiment is illustrated by the last photograph. It shows a gull rolling a cricket ball into its nest. It did so without difficulty. The difficulties began when it tried to incubate the ball. It made several valiant attempts but succeeded only either in balancing itself insecurely on top of it or in sliding—not ungracefully—down into the nest.

It is when we pass from shape and size to surface appearance or properties that the bird's reactions become at times baffling. This does not, however, apply to colour. A black-headed gull seems, when retrieving, to see no appreciable difference between one colour and another except always that it prefers the colour of its own egg or any egg of its species to all other colours. This assumes that other things are equal. Otherwise, if, as already stated, its own egg or any egg of its species is put a few inches farther from the nest than the artificial substitute, it is the latter that is likely to be retrieved first, whatever its colour.

An important surface property of an egg is its unbroken smoothness, and one is not surprised to find that the same property is common to many of its substitutes, balls, boxes, reels, bottles, and still others. But some objects with a rough surface may also be retrieved.

The photograph to the right shows a road stone (2ins. by 1½ins.) with a rough irregular surface, and, somewhat larger, a piece of slag, its whole surface covered with small circular pits. The first was retrieved by two out of five birds; the slag was ignored by every one of ten birds. Why? And why, again, was the road stone retrieved by a relatively high percentage when only one bird out of fifteen retrieved the irregular and rough knotted cloth?

It is worth noting that a golf ball, so readily retrieved, is also pitted, but the pits are shallower and less numerous than in the slag. These facts suggest that there must be some middle degree of pittedness to which the bird's response would be uncertain and highly interesting to watch.



GULL RETRIEVING A SMALL PEBBLE

Another important surface property of an egg is its hardness. So far every substitute retrieved has this property. Objects with soft-looking surfaces were ignored. Of

to cover a wooden egg, and thus became harder in appearance, it was retrieved by four birds out of five. The second was a ball. The spherical shape, as we have noted, favours retrieving, yet this ball, which had a soft, velvety cover, was ignored by ten birds. The third was also a ball, a tennis ball, covered with a woolly looking felt. It was ignored by fifteen birds.

The experiments with these three objects will be repeated; it is still possible that one or more will be retrieved.

All the above facts make it clear that the external object which moves a black-headed gull to perform the retrieving reaction may be not only an egg, but any of a number of other things, many of which may be markedly different from an egg and from one another. Not every external object, however, excites the response, but only those objects that have certain properties in common. The range of these properties is wide, and they can be enumerated provisionally as follows: almost any shape provided the three dimensions are duly marked, any size that does not overtax the bird's physical capacity, any colour, a smooth surface (with possible exceptions), a hard surface. The list does not exhaust the relevant properties, but it contains the most important.

These are remarkable results, and much more might be said about them. I content myself with observing that it is difficult to believe that a bird which retrieves balls, reels, boxes, and bottles, and incubates them for days, can have any understanding of the meaning of its eggs and of the part they play in the perpetuation of its species. And it matters little whether it understands or not. If, under the urge of broodiness, it sits the normal period of days, and the properties in the nest are genuine eggs, then hatching takes place in due course and the chicks emerge to provide stimulus-objects for a new urge and a new set of activities.

So far as I know, the only other species that have been made the subjects of experiments in retrieving are the laughing gull of America and the grey goose, the former by G. K. Noble and D. S. Lehrman of the American Museum of Natural History, and the latter by eminent Dutch and German naturalists, N. Tinbergen and K. Lorenz. Their results, as far as they go and with minor differences, confirm those I have given.

It is an unfortunate coincidence that these species should have names that reflect upon their intelligence. It may be safely said that their mentality is in essentials neither much higher nor much lower than that of the rest of the feathered kind.



A PIECE OF ROAD STONE (left) SOME GULLS RETRIEVED AND INCUBATED; PITTED SLAG (right) WHICH WAS EVERYWHERE IGNORED

these there were three. The first was an egg-shaped roll of tissue paper (2½ins. by 1½ins.). It was ignored by ten birds, but when some of the tissue was pasted down



GULL ROLLING CRICKET BALL INTO ITS NEST

COMMON LANDS AND FOOD PRODUCTION

By C. S. ORWIN

There are more than a million acres of Common Land in England, much of which could make more useful contribution to the national effort, for instance as grazing to replace ploughed-up pasture if, as in most cases, it is unsuitable for arable culture. This article discusses some of the problems of Common Land, and more especially the notable reclamation to the plough of King's Heath, Malmesbury, a remarkable instance of an arable common.

A RECENT notice in the Press of the work which the Wiltshire War Agricultural Executive Committee has put in hand for the reclamation of Malmesbury Common seems to raise the general question of the better utilisation of the commons and wastes scattered up and down the country. An enquiry made of the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society has produced the information that the only official estimates of the extent of such lands were made in 1874, and are admittedly incomplete. Allowing for omissions, and on the other hand for later enclosures and for the heavy withdrawals of lands over which State Departments such as the War Office have obtained manorial rights, Sir Lawrence Chubb has estimated that the figure of 1,700,000 acres given in 1874 is to-day approximately 1,260,000 acres. Most of this, he points out, is mountain and moorland, and less than one-tenth of it, say 100,000 acres at the outside, is to be found in the arable farming counties of England.

Few things in English land tenure are more complicated than the law of commons. The freehold may belong to the lord of the manor, as at Laxton, or to the commoners themselves, as at King's Heath, Malmesbury, or to the local administrative authority, as at Ewelme. In all cases, however, the ownership is subject to numerous and diverse rights exercised by particular individuals, grazing, turf and furze cutting, gravel digging, etc., the most universal of which is the right to graze stock, and those exercised by the public at large, of which the commonest is the right of passage. Often the personal rights are valueless to-day, so far as the exercise of them goes, but the insistence on them by their owners may be a severe handicap to the utilisation of the land in the national interest. On the other hand, there are probably places where it is the exercise of public rights which is interfering with the proper use of the land for food production, as at Laxton, in Nottinghamshire. Here some 75 acres of good grazing, which has given many a successful farmer his first



BROKEN GATE, LAXTON COMMON, NOTTS. The carelessness of motor drivers is causing good grazing to revert to waste, since stock cannot be kept on it

step on the agricultural ladder, is rapidly reverting to unproductive waste because the motor drivers using the public road through the middle of it will not shut the gates and it has proved impossible to keep stock within bounds, so the grazing rights are no longer exercised. At Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, the case is different. Here an unstinted cow common has dropped almost completely out of use, owing largely to the disappearance of cow-keeping by the villagers, in whom the grazing rights were vested, and again, owing to the lack of fencing on the roadsides. King's Heath, Malmesbury, to take the other example already quoted, is in a somewhat different category, partly because it was never the waste of the manor, as are the generality of commons, partly because of its size, extending as it does

to more than 400 acres, and partly because it remained in active arable cultivation until some twenty or thirty years ago.

THE RECLAMATION OF KING'S HEATH, MALMESBURY

The original grant of this area, consisting then of more than 500 acres, was made by King Athelstan, grandson of Alfred the Great, to the burgesses of Malmesbury in the tenth century, "on account of their assistance in my struggle against the Danes." The land was to be held free of all dues, and at the time of the earliest maps and records extant, at the beginning of the last century, and thence until about thirty years ago, it was held in some 280 parcels of about 1½ acres each, in arable cultivation. It had no resemblance, however,



KING'S HEATH, MALMESBURY

A 400-acre common held by the Burgesses of Malmesbury, in 280 plots, for arable cultivation

to the systems of tenure and cultivation in the open arable fields under which so much of England was farmed, for there is no history of any control of cropping or of the practice of common grazing on the stubbles after harvest, or of any of the other incidents of open-field farming. In this it resembles very closely Branton Great Field, near Barnstaple, where a large number of small arable strips have been in cultivation from time immemorial without any record of common control. The tenure of plots on King's Heath, Malmesbury, is restricted to burgesses, or to those who have married burgesses' daughters and are resident within a mile of the town. Tenure is for life, and at one time there was a waiting list of applicants for plots. Control is vested in a small body of Trustees elected by the burgesses from their number. Early in the present century strips began to go out of cultivation, until practically the whole of this large area had gone derelict. There were a few enclosures at one end of the Heath, which were let to adjacent farmers, the rents being applied by the Trustees to the maintenance of the occupation roads and to drainage, but the latter left a good deal to be desired.

How this great area escaped attention during the last war is not explained, but the greatest credit is due to all concerned in the steps that have been taken to bring it back into food-production to-day. The first step was to get the watercourses and drains in full working



(Above) EWELME COMMON, OXON.
Cow pasture falling down to scrub owing to disappearance of cow-keeping by villagers

THE RECLAMATION OF KING'S HEATH, MALMESBURY, BY THE WILTSHIRE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE

(Left) The condition before reclamation is seen beyond the tractor

(Below) One of the drainage ditches cleared out, and one of the new tenants of the common land



order, and to remove a serious hold-up at the principal point of discharge. The consent of the Trustees was readily given to the execution of these works, and the Wiltshire Agricultural Executive Committee organised a labour gang under the direction of a foreman of the River Avon Catchment Board, to carry out the work. At the same time, steps were taken to plough suitable areas on the Heath with the Committee's tractors, and this land was then let to adjacent farmers for sowing with approved crops. The work is proceeding rapidly and well, and it will represent an important contribution to the local food-production effort.

The King's Heath represents, no doubt, an opportunity rather exceptional for reclamation. But the work going on there raises the question whether much more could not usefully be made of many smaller commons up and down the country now derelict or semi-derelict. Why is nothing being done with the 70 acres at Laxton, or with the big Cow Common at Ewelme? Is there not some better use to which much of the 100,000 acres of commons which Sir Lawrence Chubb has estimated to exist in the better farming counties could be put, with a little imagination and enterprise? The powers of the Minister of Agriculture, delegated to the county war agricultural executive committees, to control the use of land, are practically unlimited, so that vested interests and common rights need no longer be an obstruction. May it be suggested that the Minister of Agriculture should call forthwith for reports from all county committees upon the commons in their jurisdiction and for proposals from them for dealing with all those which are not already being put to the most productive uses? This need involve no danger to public rights of passage or of recreation, nor the destruction of amenities. While few commons may prove so readily convertible into arable cultivation as the King's Heath, and some, such as Dornay Common, near Eton, and Port Meadow, the property of the freemen of Oxford, would be found to be already stocked to capacity, it is quite certain that a great many could make more useful contributions to the rapidly contracting grazing area of the country than they are now doing.

EWELME

I.—FORGOTTEN HISTORY IN AN OXFORDSHIRE VILLAGE



EWELME VILLAGE. THE CHURCH OVERTOPS THE ALMSHOUSE CLOISTER
Below is the King's Pool and the site of the vanished palace

BEFORE the days of petrol rationing scores of motorists must have passed two or three sign-posts on the Henley-Oxford road pointing to an invisible village called Ewelme. If they noticed them at all, they probably thought what a queer name it was, and left it at that. Their thoughts would again fly ahead of their cars to such historic centres as Oxford, Stratford-on-Avon, Worcester, or to the recognised beauties of the Cotswolds or the Welsh mountains. Yet in this remote spot Thomas Chaucer, son of the famous author of the *Canterbury Tales*,

was once lord of the manor. In the now vanished palace, Henry VII once kept Michaelmas and Henry VIII held a Privy Council meeting. Does anyone connect the great Earl of Essex with Ewelme, remembering that it was here he buried himself after his quarrel with Queen Elizabeth?

A quiet immemorial life goes on beneath the trees bordering the streams which give Ewelme its name (Anglo-Saxon *Aewilm* = a spring) and once ran by the vanished palace, linking it with its days of greatness. When we walked over early in January, the blacksmith

had a fine glowing fire in the middle of a frozen world, and was skilfully turning out a neat little horseshoe. A friendly old man was leaning over the palings of the King's Pool wondering what the long frost would do to his watercress beds. Our two spaniels opened the conversation for us, and we heard about a nephew who also bred cockers, and a friend who had beaten a neighbour of ours with his red currants at last summer's flower show. After all this we thought we might properly ask how the Pool got its name. He told us that it was called for King Henry, who used



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THE BARNs [OF EWELME PALACE
Where Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth and Essex, sojourned

"Country Life"



"THE CHURCH IS TUCKED COMFORTABLY ON TO A TREE-BACKED TERRACE, LOOKING OVER THE ALMSHOUSE AND VILLAGE"



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THE CLOISTERS OF GOD'S HOUSE

"Country Life"

The almshouse founded in 1437 by William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and Alice his wife



THE MASTER'S HOUSE AND THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CLOISTER



THE COVERED STAIRWAY LEADING FROM THE CLOISTER TO THE CHURCH

to walk there with Anne Boleyn when he brought her down to stay at the palace, and "one day they had a few words, like, and he took and pushed her into the Pool. And a bit later Queen Elizabeth came there, bringing that Lord Essex with her, and they would go walking together by the stream on summer evenings. And they do say the way they went on were a fair masterpiece."

These were interesting historical details, whether documented or not we did not know, but they rather put us into the mood to shorten our walk and explore the village. We would try to confirm various vague stories we had heard about its great days. Probably the history of Ewelme is well known to many American visitors. When you live four miles away, and realise that the apparently uneventful surface of almost any English village only needs lightly scratching to disclose its intimate connection with great events, you generally know far less. For us Ewelme had always been rather overshadowed by the ancient spirit of the Icknield Way, England's A.1 road long before the Romans came. We had wandered over every entrenchment and cultivation terrace between the two London-Oxford main roads, and delighted in all the different phases of what we personally believe to be the finest country in England. You can lie and bury your nose in the thyme tufts on Swyncombe Down, and look over to Wittenham Clumps standing up from the misty Thames Valley on a summer evening. Or looking south from Beacon Hill in winter, you can see spur after spur of the snow-covered hills standing one behind the other above the cold brown plain. About two miles away your eye will be held by that dark cliff of yew, juniper, and beech trees, topping a steep white drop to the Icknield Way. It is known to us, if not to the Ordnance surveyor, as the Druid's Grove. But to-day we would leave all this, and examine these stories about famous figures of English history.

We made for the obvious centre of exploration, the church. It is tucked comfortably on to a tree-backed terrace, looking over the village which an eighteenth-century traveller describes with his period's characteristic absence of romantic nonsense: "Two miles South-West of Watlington is Ewelme, a village in which was the Seat of William de la Pole, who built there a neat Church."

This bare quotation takes us at once to the heart of English history and literature. William de la Pole was the Duke of Suffolk to whom most of us were introduced in our youth by Shakespeare in *The Second Part of King Henry VI*. This is not the place to follow Suffolk's career through the last stages of the Hundred Years' War. He did everything he considered possible to arrange an honourable peace with France after the English collapse against Joan of Arc, and then fell a victim to the rising tide of popular fury against misgovernment at home and muddled policy abroad. But before his fall he had brought Ewelme out of prosperous obscurity to be a setting for greater affairs. He became connected with the place through his marriage to Alice Chaucer, granddaughter of the great author of the *Canterbury Tales*, who had prudently married his son Thomas to the heiress of Ewelme Manor. Alice was born there in 1409, and was buried in the church under a magnificent alabaster tomb which is an outstanding example of fifteenth-century sculpture, in perfect preservation. She is notable for her forceful character, and a story which connects her with Queen Victoria. A few months after her marriage, as an act of courtesy to her husband, who had received his Garter in 1421, "the distinguished privilege was granted to Alice Countess of Suffolk [the Dukedom was not bestowed till 1448] . . . against the ensuing Feast of St. George, to wear the habit of the Order of the Garter." Minutes of the Privy Council dated May 21, 1432, instruct the Keeper of the King's Wardrobe to provide her with the necessary robes. Queen Victoria was another of the very few women who have received the Garter, and she expressed grave doubts as to the most suitable way to wear it, since clearly it could not be worn in the normal position at a time when delicate females did not possess legs. The College of Arms sprang to life, and as the result of careful research and painstaking itineraries, the effigy of Alice, Duchess of Suffolk, was tracked down. She is wearing the Garter on her left arm, a position pronounced by Queen Victoria to be entirely suitable.

Alice will also be interesting to countrywomen for her continuous devotion to her own village, which persisted all through her busiest Court days as the wife of the Ambassador to France, and Chief Lady to Queen Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI. And also "Suffolk for the love of his wife, and the commodity of her lands, felt much to dwell in Oxfordshire." As their fortunes rose, they gradually "augmented and beautified the Court and Manor House, so that it came to be called the Palace in local tradition. They also took practical steps to help their poorer neighbours and in July, 1437, King Henry VI granted a licence to his "most beloved and faithful cousin, William de la Pole Earl

of Suffolk, and Alice his wife to found an Almshouse at their Manor of Ewelme in Oxfordshire to be called God's House, in support of two Chaplains and thirteen poor men. This kindly foundation has survived all changes of government and religion, and whereas the "Palace" has quite disappeared, the thirteen poor men are still housed in the original rooms built round a quadrangle, with its covered stairway leading steeply from the lower level of the cloisters to the east door of the church, which, as noted by the eighteenth-century traveller, was re-built by the Duke.

One of the chaplains of "God's House" was also to be "a wele disposed man apte and able to techynge of Grammar . . . a good man of the University of Oxenforde," who was to be the head of a well-endowed school. The founders provided him with a good salary, wisely considering that absence of financial worry would allow him to "geve more dew and better attendaunce to the information, and the increse of conynge [learning] of his scholars." Thus Ewelme possesses one of the earliest of endowed schools. Henry VI did not found his own college at Ewelme till three years later. To-day the Suffolk foundation is an elementary school, and when it has followed the same course, Ewelme will be able to boast of two points of seniority. But notwithstanding these developments, the headmaster still lives in the house provided for the first "lernyd man," and teaches his children in the pleasant fifteenth-century schoolhouse. The Suffolks's generous endowments are now used for scholarships to secondary schools and the universities.

It is clear that the Suffolks, like the majority of English landowners, were really attached to their village and country house. Their land was not merely a source of revenue to enable them to live in the greatest possible luxury elsewhere. And this is the reason why the English country church is such a great and unique development, linking almost every village with the wider aspects of national life. Country churches abroad are primarily bound up with the ecclesiastical life of their period;



"ONE OF THE EARLIEST ENDOWED SCHOOLS"

William and Alice de la Pole's school below the almshouse and church

here they are a splendid mixture of Church, Political, and Social History. Great men and women have come home from Courts and battlefields to leave records of historical events in their parish churches. They and others less great have also made gifts, alterations, or repairs, illustrating the craftsmanship and normal taste of every generation. Therefore the collector of village history should persist, and the zealous restorer proceed with caution.

After Suffolk's death in 1450, Alice successfully administered his estates on behalf of her son John, who was only eight years old when he succeeded to the Dukedom. For fifteen troubled years, which included

the Wars of the Roses, she admirably fulfilled the terms of her husband's will: "My best beloved wife to be my sole Executrix . . . for above all the earth my singular trust is in her." Although John afterwards consolidated his political position by marrying Elizabeth, sister of the Yorkist King Edward IV, he never seems to have asserted himself, and left his mother to deal with the difficult situations which almost inevitably beset landowners from time to time. Fortunately, there are records of Alice's later years in the letters exchanged by the Paston family. They had not much cause to love the strong-minded old lady whose interests in Suffolk so often clashed



GEOFFREY CHAUCER'S GRANDDAUGHTER, ALICE DE LA POLE, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK
From whom Queen Victoria learnt how to wear the Order of the Garter

with their own, but they respected her brains. The Pastons felt that they would have had a better chance of success if the "Old Duchess" would only have stayed in East Anglia, but she would deliver her attack, and then disappear to Ewelme "that she might be far and out of the way."

By 1466 Alice, her son and daughter-in-law seem to have had enough of the Pastons as constant neighbours. An inventory of that year shows that they brought down to Ewelme a great collection of furniture, bed linen, baby-clothes, and works of art from their London and Suffolk houses, clearly with the idea of making Ewelme their real home. These inventories disabuse anyone who thinks that even rich people lived uncomfortably in the later Middle Ages. Beds are full of feather pillows and mattresses. One is upholstered in "cloth of gold and blue saten," another in "red sarcenet." Chairs were made of honest wood devoid of padding and springs, but they had plenty of magnificent cushions to soften their rigours, and the place must have been as well festooned with "curteyns of tartran," to keep out draughts, as Balmoral was in the days of Queen Victoria.

Extant letters from the old Duchess about various domestic matters show that she ruled the house at Ewelme until her death in May, 1475, at the age of sixty-five. She had seen her family through tremendous political and social vicissitudes, and without her it seemed powerless to steer a clear course. Her eldest grandchild, John, had been acknowledged as his heir by Richard III, and was

consequently attainted as a dangerous person by Henry VII. Later, Henry behaved with his characteristic commercial shrewdness, and sold the greater part of John's property back to the younger son Edmund for the then vast sum of £5,000. After completing this satisfactory transaction, the King let bygones be bygones, and stayed with Edmund at Ewelme for Michaelmas, 1495. But presently the relations between them again became so strained that Edmund decided to disappear to the Continent, where he somehow gained the sympathy of the Emperor Maximilian, and settled down in Aachen, at that period the capital of the Holy Roman Empire. Henry then reminded the Emperor of a treaty whereby he undertook not to shelter English rebels in his dominions, and Edmund was sent home. He was promised a pardon if he would settle down peacefully. At this point Henry VII died, and for some reason Henry VIII included Edmund's execution among his Coronation celebrations, and appropriated to himself the manor of Ewelme. Records show that Henry was at the manor house in August, 1540, and held a Privy Council there. If he was there in 1540, why not more unofficially between 1524 and 1536, when he would have had an opportunity of pushing Anne Boleyn into the Pool?

It is also recorded history that Edward VI gave the manor of Ewelme to his sister Princess Elizabeth, who occasionally stayed there. After she became Queen she made the Earl of Essex's uncle, William Knollys, her Keeper of Ewelme Park. Further, a Mr.

Rowland Whyte writes to his friend Robert Sydney in 1600: "My Lord of Essex, I hear, is gone to Ewelme Lodge, and at Michaelmas he will return to London again, to be a humble suitor to Her Majesty's sight: as yet there is little hope of it, but time brings forth wonderful things." So there is also a very good chance that in happier days Elizabeth and Essex may have gone down to Ewelme to forget the affairs of State for a while, "going on together in a way that was a fair masterpiece."

This brings us to the last days of Ewelme's earlier glories. After Elizabeth's death the Manor House fell into decay, and by 1609 "the capital Mansion at Ewelme was completely ruined and decayed." Happily the Civil Wars swept harmlessly over the village, thanks to Colonel Francis Martyn, a rich Cromwellian landowner. He kept his soldiers under strict control, and would not let them go into the church unless they wished to take part in the services. There are also one or two local records about a famous Maypo, a great Fire, and a "Pleasant Hour on the Peculiarities of Australia, under the Patronage of the Lord Bishop of Oxford."

It was beginning to get dark when we had finished looking at everything that gave us clues to all this history and social life, and had justified the contributions of the old man by the King's Pool. We came out into the cloisters of God's House, and looked down over the valley where Suffolk's palace once stood, to the downs beyond in the winter sunset.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

THE JOYS OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

ONE of the great charms of treasure trove lies in its unexpectedness. I have just lighted on a pleasant little piece of treasure when I was assuredly not looking for it with the ulterior object of an article on golf; and yet it comes in, as I think, very prettily for my purpose. I chanced to begin reading the autobiography, which was recently published, of the late Eric Gill, the sculptor. I knew vaguely that he was a great upholder of craftsmanship and technique, but not of the technique of games. Yet from his account of the small private school he went to at Brighton, it is clear that the one thing which roused him to enthusiasm was the technique of football and also, in a more impersonal way, that of cricket when he watched Ranji on the county ground. He regards football as a good piece of education because the boys were "educated by the doing and not by the learning," and that he believes to be the secret. "We talked about football and cricket," he says, "a vast amount and studied the games technically and theoretically with real understanding and enthusiasm; but we didn't talk about them philosophically or aesthetically. In such ways we were entirely inarticulate, and so were our masters. Games were a real job of work, like farming or engineering. And they were founded upon living traditions, traditions accepted by all and revered." The school had no more than thirty boys, and yet it beat all the other schools in the county round. "We didn't merely beat them," he says with a fine, venomous, boyish pride, "we just ran over them." But that was not all; it was not the winning, but the winning by discipline, and still more the discipline itself. "It's the discipline—that's the point—and it's not discipline as a morality but discipline as a technique. . . . It was the discipline as a technique that I found so admirable and appealing."

I should like to quote more, but perhaps that is enough to show how a small boy, not himself a good player, but with a deep natural love of craftsmanship, could derive profound pleasure from seeing the inevitable results of dealing with a ball in the right way. I imagine that Mr. Gill did not in after life play games nor ever take the smallest interest in golf. That seems a pity, for golf is full of that "discipline as a technique" which he admired,

and it would probably have amused him. I fancy that that which has given many of us almost the greatest pleasure in golf is the being taught or discovering for ourselves some technical piece of knowledge and seeing the results that flow from putting it into action; the giving our club a good chance by using it in the proper way.

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

Mr. Robert Harris once said to me that the right way to learn golf was to learn first and think about it afterwards. No doubt that is true; it is the way in which the professional learns; so indeed does anyone who begins the game in early boyhood. He picks up the swing first by imitation and then—sometimes—applies his mind to it. He may in that first imitative and instinctive period acquire some bad habits which stick to him ever afterwards, as I was personally and painfully aware; but a good deal of the correct technique of the swing comes to him naturally and is never afterwards wholly lost. It may be that he never gets quite so much of the intense technical pleasure of which Mr. Gill speaks, as does the grown-up beginner, who, after a few lamentable and abortive efforts on his own account, puts himself into the hands of a good teacher. Then he finds that if he does what he is told, if for instance he pivots properly instead of taking a jump at the ball, the most surprising, delicious and incredible things will happen. The more advanced player is not, however, without these joys, though they may not be of quite so ecstatic a character.

Let me give one very simple example. Nearly all of us have at some time had a bad attack of slicing and have been told that we are "standing all wrong" and "much too open." Our adviser bids us "get more round," put the right foot back and the left foot a little nearer the ball. We feel thereupon horribly uncomfortable and declare that we cannot hit the ball in such an attitude. "Never mind what you feel like," the stern teacher may

observe, "hit it!" and behold, after a try or two, the ball does fly miraculously straight, at any rate without that malignant curve to the right. We have done what we were told and have got the desired result. It is the same kind of pleasure, though much more entrancing, as that which the least fervid of arithmeticians may get from following the rule in his sum and so getting the right answer.

"I only place it on record," writes Mr. Gill of Ranji's batting, "that such craftsmanship and such grace entered into my very soul." So would, I am sure, the craftsmanship and grace of Harry Vardon have done, if he had ever seen him: so do those of many great players into the golfer's soul, "that is, supposing that he's got any." Unfortunately, from the educational point of view, it is much simpler to appreciate the general grace than the particular craftsmanship. Vardon and Mr. John Ball were, I think, the most perfect embodiments of grace that I ever saw in golf, and sometimes if one went out to play after watching them one felt for a little while a certain smoothness come into one's own swing, but the details of what they actually did were not easy to see.

In the case of some great players it is much easier to grasp at least some one feature of their methods. There is Arnaud Massey, with the "twiddledy bit" or "pigtail flourish"—call it what you will—at the top of the swing. One may see what is the result of it, namely, that the club-head is set on the inside path on its way down to the ball. I am not saying that it is necessarily imitable; I should rather think it was not, but the virtue which it produces can be attempted. Cotton is another player as to whom the observer can see what he is at. This is not perhaps quite so true of him to-day as it was a few years ago, before he had wholly perfected and brought into subjugation the "inside out" method. Nowadays his ball flies as nearly as may be straight, with only the slightest suggestion of a right to left turn. When he was first working out this method, he was neither quite so graceful nor quite so effective; but it was extraordinarily interesting to watch how, as a direct result of the method, the ball would at a certain point begin to bend, and bend very decidedly, leftwards. The very bones of his craftsmanship were then laid bare, and, generally speaking, I think that it is always easier to perceive the technical skill of a

playing for a draw. I have in my mind's eye the clearest picture of Mr. Hilton when bringing the ball round from the right: the right shoulder held rather high, the right foot back, the big turn of the hips in the follow-through. He was just as expert in turning the ball the other way, but it was not, to me, so clear how he did it.

Another instance of technique, compara-

tively easy to note, is that of a skilled iron-player playing a pitch, in which he proposes to make the ball stop quickly. Easy to imitate it is not, but should the pupil or admirer accomplish the shot he feels the joy of craftsmanship tingling through him to his very finger-tips. For that matter I suppose one of the simplest and yet greatest of these pleasures of doing the thing in the right way must have come to

all of us once in our novitiate and in a bunker. I cannot recall it in my own case, but there must have been a day in my very early youth when somebody told me not to hit at the ball but to hit into the sand behind it; when I played my first successful "explosion" shot and called aloud "Heureka" or, since I had then not begun Greek, let us say words to that effect.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

THE village church—not always, unfortunately, as well filled as it might be on Sunday mornings—has received a handsome addition to its congregation in the persons of evacuated children.

To some of them, church presents a complete novelty. Most of them behave well, and they are—very sensibly—sent out before the sermon, and are gradually learning not to celebrate this release with loud whoops and screams just outside the church doors.

Last Sunday a tiny newcomer from Bristol was in the pew next to mine, bowed devoutly over a little book. She seemed very young to be able to read, and I, much impressed by the excellence of her behaviour, took a glance at the book.

My Stamp Album revealed itself.

The student gave me an angelic smile and pointed out a Coronation stamp.

CONVERSATION, in the country at any rate, is assuming more and more of a practical character.

People ask one another what they are doing about potatoes, whether they can still get biscuits, and if they have heard that there is a shop behind the post office, in a town only five miles away, where boiled sweets can still be found.

"Are you all right for eggs?"

"Quite, thank you. My chief worry is tea, because I didn't get in any reserves worth speaking about."

"Oh, I think I could let you have a pound of China tea, easily. We've got plenty left."

"That's terribly kind of you—if you're really sure you can spare it. And I'll bring you a pot of jam, greengage or strawberry, whichever you prefer."

Personally, I think all this is at least as interesting as some of the conversations we used to take part in before the war, about servants and illnesses and the weather.

Moreover, the food question, so far, is permeated with goodwill and friendliness. Lord Woolton was an inspired choice for a post which only an inspired choice could possibly fill with success. His few and forthright utterances, his admirable policy of taking the nation into his confidence and springing no surprises on us because he has warned us in advance of every impending change, have made him popular with the average Briton.

We feel that we can trust him.

He is sorry about the bacon, and will do his best about the cheese.

To reply that We can take it would, unfortunately, be inappropriate. Let us rather say that We can do without it.

Speaking from a completely non-expert point of view, it seems to me that what we have had, so far, to face in the food situation is a difference in *kind*, far more than a difference in *degree*.

English housewives have now got an unparalleled opportunity for exercising imagination in a quarter where it has hitherto been conspicuously lacking—the English family meal.

From this angle, the new fashion of taking the question of food seriously and making it a topic of intelligent conversation (which has always been prevalent in France) is all to the good.

IT was a surprise, amounting to shock, to hear of an elderly evacuated Englishman removed to North Wales, heartily commending the all-day Sunday closing of the Welsh public-house. His explanation, however, was a simple one.

"They have workmen's clubs," he pointed out, "and a chap can go there—and he isn't allowed to take his missus."

CURLED green sheaths, growing on the banks in the lanes, will presently disclose the lords and ladies that must, to the country-bred, always recall the days of childhood.

Do children nowadays play at "families" with those fascinating red-plush lords and cream white ladies? I can still see rows of them, laid upon moss, and hear them referred to by names that seemed, then, not only beautiful but wholly appropriate—Adalbert and Mirabelle, Ruby and Baby Millicent. The red ones were boys, and the white girls.

Being less than nothing of a botanist, I do not know, and never have known, if there really is a white species and a red one, or whether the red eventually fades to white or, conversely, the white deepens to red.

I hope that nobody will ever enlighten me. I prefer the pleasures of speculation.

Crocuses have displaced the snowdrops, and the daffodils have reached the stage at which one expects to see them in flower by Sunday next at the very latest. (But actually, they will remain at that stage for another ten days, or perhaps longer.)

THERE is a growing tendency among those of what are sometimes politely called riper years to look for a cottage in which to house themselves and the smallest possible number of belongings compatible with their standards of living.

They all want the same things.

An old cottage—one with character, charm, and comfort combined.

A garden—very small indeed, because it will never be possible to afford a gardener.

Somewhere to keep the car.

And central heating would be lovely. It ought to be able to heat the bath water—for there must be a bathroom.

Those are just the essentials. The super-essential, or *sine qua non*, is that it must be so cheap as to be practically given away.

Add to this, in nine cases out of ten, the cottage must be in one particular district of one particular county.

And, believe it or not, quite a number of people, even at this time of day, find exactly what they want—thereby infuriating all the other people, who told them that they might just as well start looking for a needle in a bundle of hay.

YESTERDAY I was asked whether the rooks had begun to build yet. The answer is yes: they very suitably began upon St. Valentine's Day. Rooks, one is certain, must repay the observation of experts—indeed, I believe whole books have been written about them. But who can tell me what it really means when I see, as I distinctly did two days ago, a large rook walk, in its jerky, tilted fashion, across the tennis lawn up to another rook, lean forward and whisper something in its ear, receive a nod in reply, and then turn round and walk away again—for all the world like a defending solicitor who has just given an important instruction to a doubtful client?

IN a Midland town an elderly couple were recently knocked up by the policeman on night duty and informed that their attic window was showing a light.

They declared it to be impossible: they were alone in the house.

The policeman, no doubt with that unruffled air of kindly omnipotence peculiar to the English police, offered to go upstairs with them on a tour of inspection.

In the attic was an incendiary bomb, burning away briskly.

"What did I tell you?" said the policeman benevolently.

He helped them to extinguish the bomb, and the householders then returned to their bed, and the policeman to his beat.

DOG INTO BABY

By EDWARD SHANKS

THE younger child loves to take Lizzie, who is a small but plump tan dachshund, in her arms and, holding her upside down, dandle her like a baby. Lizzie loves it too. Seeing this, I said: "She looks like the baby in *Alice in Wonderland* that turned into a pig."

The younger child retorted:

"She's much more like a pig that's trying to turn into a baby."

This gave me something to think about, and the thoughts which ensued had an almost painful character. There is often a look in Lizzie's eyes which makes me feel that a human spirit is trying to struggle through them. Man-kind has done queer and possibly unjustifiable things to the dog. Have we there kindled the first faint beginnings of a soul in a body which is not able to bring it to proper expression?

There is something which needs to be explained in the age-old relationship between man and dog. It presses now, in these days when so many have had their dogs destroyed and the rest of us find an increasing difficulty in feeding ours.

We have domesticated other animals, but never with anything like the same result. I am not a lover of cats, but you do not have to take my word for it that the cat has never been tamed by man. All cat-lovers monotonously

reiterate this fact, which seems to please them. The position of the horse approaches more closely to that of the dog. There can be friendship between man and horse. But no one ever bought a horse solely to make a companion of it. And you don't have your horse to live in the house with you or allow it to sleep on the end of your bed.

The dog was domesticated in the first place, no doubt, for the same utilitarian reasons as the horse and the cow. He guarded the flocks and herds, he was useful in hunting, he gave warning of the approach of danger. But we have got far past that with him. I suppose that the majority, even the vast majority, of dogs in this country are kept solely for the sake of companionship. The only other reason is that they are decorative. Some women buy Afghan hounds as they buy furs, because they look impressive and are in the fashion. But it is companionship that is the main thing, and therein lies the responsibility we have created for ourselves. We have made the dog into something which originally he was not by nature, and we ought to be prepared to take the consequences. That is one reason why I so much dislike the people who were driven by panic to destroy their dogs at the beginning of the war.

That strange French author, J. H. Rosny, once wrote a book called *La Mort de la Terre*,

describing the last days of the human race. In this he said that the last work of evolution was that all the birds had learnt to talk, not to talk as parrots do, but to converse intelligently. And this produced queer and awkward consequences, for they protested loudly against any of them being killed for food. Humanity, touched in its conscience, had to renounce the luxury of roast chicken. Indeed, what poultry farmer would have the heart to wring the neck of a fowl that had said "Good morning" to him politely every day for a year?

I suggest that something like this has happened with the race of dogs—the difference being that Rosny's birds seem spontaneously to have acquired the faculty of speech, whereas, if the dog has developed the rudiments of a human soul, we have brought the consequences on ourselves.

The more I think about it the more I believe that something like this really has happened. I believe too that anyone who has enjoyed the companionship of a dog will, if

he examines his own feelings, come to the same conclusion.

Take Lizzie again and her junior partner, Hettie (so called because she makes noises like a hen), as cases in point. Lizzie does most desperately try to talk. I am convinced that she wants to talk and feels frustrated because she cannot. She has devised certain substitutes. For example, she herself discovered how to sit up and beg, and very charmingly she does it. No attempt was ever made to teach her what is in any case an uncharacteristic attitude for a dachshund. On Christmas Day, when she had the first taste of Christmas pudding in all her young life she liked it so much that she continued sitting up with the rigidity of a statue until the pudding was taken away from the room. This is when we are at table. She has a quite different way of expressing herself about her own dinner. If it is late or if she thinks that there is not enough of it, which is what she usually does think, she sits in front of the person responsible, opening and closing her mouth in the motions

of eating. But there are, I am certain, ideas in her mind deeper than those connected with food, and she suffers because she can find no way of expressing them.

Hettie's soul, if she has one, is not so far developed as Lizzie's. Her notions about food are of the smash-and-grab order, those of any hungry animal. Apart from that she is what might be called a single-track dog. She has only one idea which I have been able to discern, and that is her tennis-ball. But she is well able to express that by a hen-noise and a yearning glance towards the place where the tennis-ball is kept.

Am I being absurd about dogs, writing as a doting dog-owner? I do not think so. A dog kept for companionship only is admittedly a luxury. But luxuries enrich life, and it is for the enrichment of life that civilisation exists. But these dogs are not among the luxuries that we can or should easily shed, even under the pressure of war. We have moulded the dog to our own purposes, and have thus given him a claim on us which we cannot repudiate at will.

Rugby Football Memories—III

THE FINEST COMBINED TRY

By E. H. D. SEWELL

IF one's memory may play tricks in such matters as the names of try-getters in big matches and the manner in which the touch-downs were obtained, it cannot mislead in such instances as that of the finest combined try I ever saw in an International game.

That was K. G. Macleod's at Hampden, on a pouring wet afternoon in 1906, when the South Africans were beaten by two tries to nil. Fettes, by the way, bagged both those tries, as the second was credited to "Darkie" Sivright. It was in the next match to the one in which, as I recalled in my previous article, occurred the best individual try I ever saw made, that by Basil Maclear at Belfast.

"K. G." was on the right wing that afternoon to T. Sloan; the other two threes being M. W. Walter and A. L. Purves, whom I have often met of recent years in various Press boxes. Scotland's scrum was in the very capable care of Louis Greig, and behind him was Pat Munro, in the opinion of not a few people the best stand-off in Rugby history.

There was a scrum some ten yards from the left-hand touch and about fifteen yards short of South Africa's 25. So that, lying well back in the usual *echelon* formation, though not so deep as he would have been had it been a dry day, "K. G." must have been quite sixty yards from the goal-line when he saw the ball emerging from the scrum.

Greig's pass was accurately given, and was taken by Munro, who, after doing his bit by making as though to set his centres going, punted high obliquely to his right front and well beyond the South African left wing, J. A. Loubser, who formed one of the only all-one-club line, and that Stellenbosch, which has ever played in a South African International team. What followed this not very unusual manoeuvre brought the very excited house down and made that try a life's memory.

"K. G.'s" anticipation, speed, and hands enabled him to catch the ball before it fell.

The rest was easy, since no defence can cope, even on a dry day, with an even-timer, or nearly if not quite so, in possession in its 25, going full bat and with only a bare twenty yards to go. Neither Loubser nor Marsburg, the full back, ever had a chance. This was the kind of book-perfect try that a romantic novelist might conceive. Macleod's alertness and general ability put the crown upon the accuracy of Munro's judgment of direction and strength for what is the most memorable punt in my recollection.

Considered in conjunction with the wetness of the day and the accuracy and speed of Greig's handling and passing, this try, I think, fully merits the award of an absolute Ace No. 1 as the best combined try ever recorded in the roll of Tries in International Rugby football.

The recent generation of players and watchers who never had the luck of seeing that remarkable all-rounder, "K. G.," in action

cannot possibly realise what they missed. His voluntary retirement from the game before he was twenty-one was a national calamity in our sporting existence. Nobody but he won ten International caps before attaining his majority.

It is not the case that he was chosen to play for Scotland when he was sixteen. I have the best authority for this statement. But for the Head of Fettes, H. H. Almond, he might have been, but that is a different matter. And the Head was right to turn down the negotiations. International Rugby is not the arena for immature youth, however capable, and especially when the subject is not "a man for his age."

"K. G." at the time, 1904, was definitely on the slender side. I can see him clearly now as I first saw him, sailing down the right wing at Cambridge, when he and that other faithful and very capable Fettesian, J. Burt-Marshall, were trying to stem the New Zealand torrent in October, 1905. Macleod was then only seventeen years and eight months. He got his first cap a month later, against the New Zealanders on the Inverleith skating-rink, as it was that day (as I know from having walked across it directly after "No-side"). It was not his fault that Scotland lost 12-7, but if his brother L. M. had not taken an unwise drop for goal, when Scotland were leading 7-5, Rugby history would have been written differently. That scuffed drop cost Scotland the game.

In the next three seasons "K. G." became part of the scenery of Scotland. Slightly bow-legged, as many fast runners are, he ranks very high among the graceful, antelope-like players of our great game of Rugby. The nearest approach to him of late years has been the lamented "Obo," whose facile progress over turf was a glide rather than a run.

"K. G." invariably stood in his quiescent moments on the third line, before the hook and heel had galvanised the ball into something almost living, with his hands, palms inwards on his hips. No three-quarter I ever saw punted or dropped the ball with such whip-like force, and only H. H. Forsyth (Oxford) and Gerhardt Morkel (South African full-back, 1912) rivalled Macleod for length and height. All three kicked colossally. What a wisp "K. G." would have been alongside H. H. Vassall or Gwyn Nicholls! Opposing backs would have had to be expert swallow-catchers indeed to have stopped him.

When his brother died, "K. G." gave up football, out of deference to his father's wish. Among my archives I had for many years a letter from W. G. Grace in which he wrote, after England, having won the first Test at Nottingham, were put in and beaten at Lord's, "one of my first choices would be K. G. Macleod."

It will be news to many that some years after the last war Lancashire wanted Macleod to captain the county XI, but such was the

case. Here was a second C. B. Fry as an athlete, without a doubt.

Having written of the finest combined try I ramble on to a try which may not have been a try at all. For all that the Irish touch-judge, S. E. Polden, one of the few Internationals who played for his country both before and after the last war, when appealed to by the referee, J. W. Faull (Wales), declared in its favour.

This was the try credited to H. S. Sever, of Sale, in the last three minutes of the luckiest win I ever witnessed, in an International fray. England 9, Ireland 8, was the final reckoning at Twickenham on February 13, 1937. England's first try was scored by A. G. Butler, of the 'Quins, in the first minute of the second half, from a glaring forward pass, after the score sheet was blank at the interval. F. G. Moran, the smashing, long-striding Irish right wing, then scored two beauties, helped by G. J. Morgan, in the third and fifteenth minutes; 8-3, Ireland leads. Crammer's penalty goal made it 8-6 in the twenty-fifth minute. In the thirty-seventh Sever's grand thrusting run down the left wing yielded the winning try after—as some of us in the Press box, among them myself, thought—the corner flag had moved. It is impossible from a seat in the Press box to be certain on such a point.

From three strangers I received letters. One, seated in the stand near the flag, voted "A try." The other two, one an Englishman, were in the north stand, and in direct line with the touch-line. They both stated "No try."

I had some fun in South Africa in 1924 regarding a point of Rugby law. At the first game I saw at Johannesburg a Kaffir boy dashed out with a bucket directly a try was scored. Much intrigued and quite ready to observe in Rome as Romans observe, I watched closely. Lo and behold! handfuls of cut grass were taken out of the bucket and a "tee" was made for the place-kick! On my demurring mildly to my genial cicerone that this was not according to Cocker he was very much surprised.

I criticised the performance in my article, which appeared next day, only to learn that in some places the referee carried a leather tee for use for place-kicks. So I wrote another short chapter on what Twickenham might say. Then I received a note of congratulation from the manager of the South African team here in 1912, Max Honnet, then President of Transvaal Rugby Union, saying I was quite right, and hoping I would do all in my power to end the practice.

The climax of the affair was that a meeting of all referees was summoned to a conclave at Bloemfontein to sit on the question: "To tee or not to tee?" The last I heard of it was that the meeting adjourned, somewhere about 2 a.m., *sine die*.

The famous, or otherwise, riot match at the Parc des Princes, Paris, in 1913, is a distinct memory. I recall running across C. B.

Ponsonby, one of Worcestershire's many captains, in the Hotel Continental the same evening, and thinking how apt was his first remark: "I feel as though I've just come out of a battle."

The Parisian crowd had not liked at all the decisions of John Baxter, the brother of the late "Bim" Baxter, and when it was all over John had to make himself scarce in disguise and travelling in the car of that grand French wing of a previous day, P. Failliot.

There was a terrific hubbub at the finish,

and it was well for visitors seated in the tribunes on the dressing-rooms side of the ground that a hefty squadron of cuirassiers, who had been at ease in-goal during the affair, mounted and galloped across between the surging public and the rest of us.

I recall the remark of the Scots full-back, W. M. Dickson, who was as deaf as a post. As the Scots team struggled through the pressure, Dickson observed to his next-door mate: "Awfully decent of them, isn't it, to give us such a fine reception after getting such

a licking!" Scotland had won 21-3. That was just after C. H. Abercrombie, having seen a furious onlooker fling a clinker at the referee, let the thrower have the full force of an R.N. fist plumb on the nose.

But for the war there would have been a long gap in the Scotland v. France series of matches, which, however, were resumed at almost the first possible moment, Scotland winning by a goal to nil in Paris in January, 1920. I never admired French cuirassiers so much as I did after that "No-side"!

CORRESPONDENCE

FURTHER LETTERS FROM BRITISH OFFICERS—PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

SIR,—I was interested to read in a recent COUNTRY LIFE extracts from letters of a prisoner of war at Oflag IXA. My husband has been a prisoner at that camp and he sent me the enclosed photograph some time ago. I thought it might be of interest to you as one of the men is W. W. Dean, who was mentioned in one of the letters.

I had a letter from my husband to-day (February 26) dated January 11. In it he says that most of the doctors at Oflag IXA are to be moved to other camps. I expect they will be sent as M.O.'s to other camps.—ETHEL DAVIDSON, *Ardentlea, Golf Road, Ballater, Aberdeenshire.*

SIR,—I am enclosing part of a message sent to me by my husband who is a prisoner of war at Oflag IXA and written on Christmas Day. The wording is so courageous that you may like to publish it; also I feel the news about food and festivities at Christmas-time may interest other relatives of the captives at IXA.

"Christmas Day, 1940.

Although we are missing and longing for all we hold most dear, and being without those material things which enhance the festive season, our hearts and minds are as full as ever of loyalty and devotion to our beloved ones, our God, our King and country, and will ever remain so.

MENUS AND FESTIVITIES, OFLAG IXA

Christmas Eve:

Rations.
Nativity Play.
Carols.

Christmas Day:

Breakfast: Sausage and bacon. (Red Cross).
Fried Potatoes, marmalade. (Red Cross.)
10 a.m.: Carol service.
Dinner: B'steak and kidney pudding. (Red Cross). Peas, potatoes. (Red Cross).
Bröt Pudding. Cheese and Pickles.
Supper: Rations, cod roe toast. (Red Cross).
Fun fair.

Boxing Day:

Rations.
Panto.
Dick Whit. and Cat."

In a letter dated January 5 my husband acknowledges his second clothing parcel, which arrived December 23 and which was doubly appreciated in the cold weather of 27° frost. Air Mail letters are getting through well, and my husband says, "advise everyone to write very clearly."

All personal possessions which my husband had with him when captured are safe; these include cigarette cases, rings, flask, note-case, lighter, etc.—CONSTANCE FORESTER FIELDING, 34, *Jernon Avenue, Huddersfield, Yorkshire.*

SIR,—Having seen the photograph of prisoners of war in Oflag IXA, Germany, published in your November 2 number, I am delighted to say that I recognise my younger son, Lieutenant J. A. Rodger, The Durham Light Infantry. He is in the top row, No. 10, reading from the spectator's left to right.

I have received many letters from him, and in all he says he and his companions are quite fit and well.

My elder son, Lieutenant G. R. Rodger, The Durham Light Infantry, is also a prisoner of war in Oflag VIIC/H. If you or any reader of yours have photographs from this camp, I should be grateful to see them.—E. M. RODGER, 57, *Stanhope Road, Darlington.*

SIR,—In your issue of October 5 you published a photograph of a group of officers at Oflag IXA. I am able to inform you that the second from left on second row is my son, Lieutenant J. E. Barrie Grayson, R.A.S.C. (with book under arm).

I am enclosing extracts from letters with the hope that the items of news will help to assure relatives of prisoners that our sons and husbands are making the best of their position. He says:—

June 4.—You see by the address that for me the war has finished. I am very well treated, with many new friends. All my old friends are dead, and I cannot yet realise my good fortune in still being alive and unwounded.

June 11.—... we are doing our best to

avoid boredom. The weather is marvellous and we are beautifully tanned, though still a little weak in the legs from all we have been through. The days are amusing, and I have become an expert washer-woman from force of necessity.

June 14.—We are a happy crowd here and finding ways and means of passing the time with lectures on many subjects. We have a library here and I have been able to do quite a deal of sketching. We have settled down and have started classes. I am teaching Design, and have started to learn German—the people here are very kind.

June 25.—We are living in a marvellous old castle, and are being very well treated indeed—the

November 4.—Another letter received from you but no parcel yet. I hear that a photograph of some of us has appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, but perhaps you have already seen this. You will see I am quite normal and fit. Working hard with languages and Composition, and a regular three hours' practice every day. Strange though it may sound, this is a heaven-sent opportunity for study. We should like copies of *Mikado*, *Pirates*, *Yeomen and Merrie England*. Can do? Revue was a great success.

December 5.—All my love and thoughts this Christmas-time. We have a huge programme, including a Fun Fair and a Pantomime. I am doing



THE RED CROSS PERSONNEL, OFLAG IXA, AUGUST, 1940

Left to right—
Back Row: Padre J. C. Hobling, Capt. W. M. Nicholls, Lt. T. C. N. Gibbons, Capt. W. M. Davidson, Lt. P. A. Forsyth, Lt. B. N. Mazundar
Second Row: Lt. D. Tavener, Lt. R. Mackay, Lt. A. L. Karstaedt, Lt. I. Jacobson, Capt. P. T. Cooper, Lt. G. G. E. Smyth, Padre J. E. Platt, Lt. J. E. Wooding
Sitting: Lt. H. J. Sedon, Maj. W. R. Henderson, Maj. J. H. T. Challis, Sur.-Lt.-Com. R. G. Knight, Maj. A. K. Gibson, Lt.-Col. F. E. Weekes, Padre N. McLeen
In Front: 2nd Lt. O. Hale, R.A.S.C., Lt. A. R. Dearlove, Lt. J. O. Hooper, A.D.C., Lt. W. W. Dean
Absent: Lt. S. M. Gorrie

countryside is simply glorious—an artist's Paradise.

August 6.—Have not received any communication from you yet, but am very hopeful. We are now very busy with writing and producing. We write and rehearse three weeks in advance and they are very fine too. We have a gang of writers "doing their stuff." The 1st Movement of my Violin Concerto has already been performed, and I am now busy on songs and a "Toy Symphony."

September 14.—No letter from you yet. Our little community is a very happy one, and we have lots of things running. This evening I am giving a recital, and to-morrow am judging our first Art Exhibition. Classes and lectures are going strong, and the concerts are grand. We have started a winter season in grand form, with heaps of talent. We are producing *King Lear* and *The Merry Wives*, and last but not least—an original Panto. The second movement of the Concerto is nearly finished.

October 1.—Have to-day received first letter from you—the one via Lisbon (the Marshalls and Lieutenant Bishop). The relief at hearing from you is more than I can say. God bless you both. . . . In three weeks we produce a Revue. I am now giving daily lessons in Art and Psychology, so you see, my dears, I am making the most of opportunities.

October 11.—No further mail to hand from you other than the letter via Lisbon. The Camp has bought a new piano—a real beauty—and life is worth living again. We are soon producing *The Dover Road*.

the music for a Nativity Play (words written by the Padre). This will be followed by a Carol Service and the Chorales from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. I am now giving a weekly recital on Sunday evenings.

December 10.—Thank you for letters received (dated September). The Marshalls are extremely kind, sending us parcels of clothes, cigarettes, etc. None of your parcels yet.

January 10.—Yesterday I received a huge batch of letters from you dated from October onwards. I am worried that my letters reach you so infrequently, but hope more have arrived. Things in general are more encouraging. We are starting the New Year by forming a "University" and are all studying like blazes. Everyone is extremely kind.

Received later:

January 3.—May I begin by wishing you everything of the best for 1941. One clothing parcel has reached me and I am set up again. I hope you spent a good Christmas. We enjoyed ourselves here and had a grand time. Nativity Play was a success, and I am now orchestrating the music. I enclose a programme of my New Year recitals, which I hope you will find interesting. I am receiving food, tobacco and clothing from France and Belgium, and I hardly know how to start thanking my good friends—indeed, I am very lucky. I hope you are well and comfortable. For myself—I have studies and my very good friends. I am cheerful and still keep faith. God bless you both.—ERNEST W. GRAYSON.



A WINDMILL ON A TUDOR BENCH-
END IN A SOMERSET CHURCH

CARVED WINDMILLS IN CHURCHES

SIR,—You recently published (February 22) a photograph of a windmill carved on a bench-end in the church at Thornham, Norfolk. You may like to have this photograph of a fine Tudor bench-end in Bishop's Lydeard Church, Somerset. The miller and his horse are a pleasant touch, and the calmness with which they carry on in a world where birds are as big as mill sails very admirable.—S. G. BERNARD, *Bristol*.

VALUABLE SANDS

SIR,—There are a large number of places in the British Isles where sands blow over the roads and occasionally bury buildings. There is a notable instance in Cornwall at the church of St. Piran. This was lost for many years. St. Piran was the patron saint of the tinners. Near this church the sand has blown over to a road, and the photograph shows men loading it on to a lorry. This particular sand, however, is more valuable than most, as it contains a high percentage of tin. This lorry will take the load to be washed to extract the tin. At times this road is almost impassable for motors owing to sand.—G. LESLIE HORN, 215, *Elgin Avenue, London, W.9.*

THE TICHBORNE "CRAWL"

SIR,—This ceremony is one of our most ancient, dating back to the twelfth century. It takes place at Tichborne House, between Winchester and New Alresford, Hampshire, and it is very interesting to attend.

Eight hundred years ago, when the plight of the poor people was dreadful, especially in country districts, Sir Roger Tichborne was the then squire. He ruled with a rod of iron, but in contrast, his wife Lady Mabella spent most of her life alleviating the miserable lot of the poor in the district around their estate. Fearing this charitable work would stop on her passing away, she made a bargain with her husband on her death-bed. Rather in the manner of the better-known Godiva story, Lady Mabella pleaded that a piece of land should be set aside, the produce from which would provide a dole of bread for the poor on the Day of the Annunciation. Sir Roger put a blazing torch from the hearth into her hand and agreed to give all the land around which his dying wife could walk while the brand still burnt in her hands. Praying for a moment, she made the supreme effort, but could not stand and fell to her knees. Exclaiming "If I cannot walk I will crawl," and carrying the torch, she crawled as never anyone before. While Sir Roger stormed, she somehow managed to encircle 23 acres, and before she died Lady Mabella laid a curse on the house if the gift should ever be discontinued.

This land became known as the "Crawls"—even to this day—and regularly on Lady Day (March 25) the distribution to the poor has been made by the squire. In 1796 Sir Henry

Tichborne tried to change the gift to one of money to the Church, but trouble fell on the family. In one generation seven daughters were born and no sons, while one of the male members, Roger, perished at sea. With the restoration of the ancient dole their fortunes revived, and so to modern times. Even in the Great War the custom continued, albeit on rations, as a special grant was allowed. So about 2 p.m. a horse-drawn farm wagon laden with flour arrives at Tichborne House, the sacks are unloaded, and the contents tipped into a great bin placed in the porchway, about one and a half tons of fine white flour, beautifully soft. A short Latin service is held and the dole solemnly blessed by the family chaplain. Then the tenants, called by name, are given out their share in the proportion of one gallon to each male and half a gallon to each woman and child. Sir Anthony Tichborne, the present owner, takes his part in the distribution but scorns a white coat, although the flour soon leaves its own trade mark.—ANTIQUARY.

AN OLD WAR MEMORIAL

SIR,—Perhaps the oldest war memorial in the country—in our present-day sense—is that of which I send you a photograph. It stands on Clifton Downs, Bristol, and was erected for soldiers who died in wars in Asia 1759-62. It includes the unique phrase "British Conquerors."—F. R. WINSTONE.



A WAR MEMORIAL TO SOLDIERS WHO
DIED IN ASIA 1759-62

"BLOOM ALONG THE BOUGH"

SIR,—The æsthetic effectiveness of branches of blossom as a drawing-room decoration can scarcely be questioned. At one time this alternative to cut flowers was unknown: now it is so general that a warning must be uttered. Beech trees, huge and many, are not likely to suffer seriously from the assaults made upon them in autumn, but the pillaging of hazels, willows, crab apple trees and wild cherries in February, March and April has

reached such proportions that serious damage is being done in areas readily accessible from towns. These species are heavily plundered (it is typical of many offenders that they do not use a knife but simply tear off what they want) at a time when the sap is surging up. The great white wounds, long and twisted, on hazels and willows are a pathetic sight, and the injuries inflicted on crab

apple and cherry trees when "hung with bloom along the bough" are no less heart-sickening. On the Chilterns, for instance, boughs of wild cherry blossom have sometimes been heaped high on the luggage racks of cars in early April. Another victim, later in the year, is the spindle, whose loveliness has in some places been so often ravished that what were once fair small trees are now shapeless and much diminished bushes. Hollies, of course, have suffered in this way for generations past. When other flowers are taken, one year's growth is removed, but when boughs are carried off, four or five years' growth is commonly lost. The combination of war economy and increased expenses is reported to be threatening the very existence of the Society for the Protection of Wild Flowers and Plants, but, Society or no, the discouragement of such unconscionable vandalism should be the joy rather than the duty of every country-

man.—J. D. U. WARD, *Bradfield, Berks.*



CLEARING A CORNISH ROAD OF SAND WHICH CONTAINS TIN



SIR ANTHONY TICHBORNE AT THE
BLESSING OF THE DOLE LAST YEAR

THE STRIKE OF THE PEREGRINE

SIR,—In the very interesting article on the falcon and its habits in *COUNTRY LIFE* for February 1, there is a wonderful description of the striking powers of the bird.

When in Gibraltar, where two pairs of peregrines nested, I have spent hours watching one on the east side of the Rock. Early in the morning, when the cliff martins and swifts came from the caves the peregrines were on the watch for them, sitting on the wall above the slopes by Windmill Hill, from where they had a perfect view; the moment the small birds came out in masses the falcons swept down like an arrow and, singling out a bird, struck and carried it away to the rocks where the eyrie was; during the day, except in the nesting season, these birds sat on the wall each facing opposite ways so that nothing could escape their view.

I have also seen a peregrine come down on a partridge, having waited for some time until one from a covey took wing from the lower slopes; the moment it did so, the falcon came down and struck, often carrying on almost to the sea before rising again with its prey. The nest of these birds was in a deep crack near the Governor's Cottage, and once or twice the parents have mobbed me while I sat watching them and the young.—H. RAIT KERR.

MOLES AND RATS

SIR,—Now that people are being asked to trap moles for their skins, I hope that only traps with springs strong enough to kill them

quickly will be used. Many of the traps now on sale fail in this respect. Mole-trapping should be done before the breeding season, which is from mid-April till mid-June; otherwise the young will be left to starve. Their skins are also of poor quality then.

It should be remembered that moles only do a very little harm, while they do a lot of good in aerating and draining the ground.

There is no need even for rats to be tortured, as there are now sudden-death traps of the break-back type in steel, which are more efficient than the steel-toothed gin, and make the quick killing of the rat a certainty.

I will gladly send full illustrated information about trapping both these animals humanely on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.—C. VAN DER BYL, Major, Founder of the Humane Trapping Campaign, Wapphenham, Towcester.

CHAIRS FROM WESLEY'S NEW ROOM, BRISTOL

SIR,—You published in your issue of March 8 a photograph of mine of the New Room, Bristol, Wesley's contribution to the city's architecture. Your readers may be interested in these photographs of two chairs which are part of its furniture. One, dated 1626, has an interesting secret drawer under the seat with a sliding cover to conceal the keyhole. The cover is leaning against the side of the chair in my picture. The Garden of Eden scene on the back is particularly bold and well preserved. The second chair, made from the bole of an elm tree, is one hundred and forty years old. The outer surface of the bole seems at first glance to suggest a rather malignant type of carved decoration—a Georgian surrealism—which was apparently the work of Nature alone.—F. R. WINSTONE, 22, Somerset Square, Bristol.

HAMPSHIRE DOWN QUADS

SIR,—These four lambs of a Hampshire Down ewe in the registered flock of Mr. M. Egremont, of Downton, Wilts, photographed when three weeks old, are thriving capitally in their snug downland pen. Ewes of other breeds not infrequently have "quads," but with Hampshire Down ewes they are rare—so rare, indeed, that Mr. Egremont says he has never before known an instance.—W. J. HANDFORD, Greenways, St. Mary's Road, Harnham, Salisbury, Wilts.

THE ORIGIN OF ONIONS

SIR,—Major Jarvis's speculation as to the origin and introduction of the onion raises some points of no little interest.

Could the onion's ancestor have been the great sand leek, and was the sand leek introduced by a monkish gardener?

Without a reference book I cannot verify my recollection that this plant is indigenous to the Mediterranean region and the Peninsula; and I am not sufficiently a botanist to know whether the sand leek could be bred into a resemblance of our garden onions. But there can be little doubt that the monasteries, with their unrivalled connections all over the Christian world, did introduce many exotic plants and, until the



A 1626 chair with a secret drawer



A chair made from an elm bole

Disestablishment, were the leaders of horticulture in England.

In support of my tentative theory I would

the wild peony, also a southern European plant.

Now Steephelm was once the site of a small monastery which no doubt had its garden; and it seems possible that the remarkably mild climate is responsible for the survival of the two plants long after the island was deserted by the monks.

Another possibility, as regards the leek and peony of Steephelm, if correct, makes my first suggestion fall to the ground. In the last century the island was fortified and garrisoned; and thickets of privet and the remains of terraces attest to the past existence of a garden. It seems probable that some lonely officer, a veteran perhaps of the Peninsular War or a former member of the garrison at Gibraltar, may have relieved the tedium of his vigil by gardening and, by inadvertently acclimatising two plants collected by him behind the lines of Torres Vedras or on an excursion into Spain, have set a riddle for future generations.

In conclusion, may I add a note of praise for COUNTRY LIFE in war-time? Its admirable contents, set off by unrivalled skill of production, are of the greatest comfort to the many sailors, soldiers and airmen whom circumstances have removed from the scenes and subjects they used to enjoy at first hand but of which your journal represents the best substitute.—H. F., An R.A.F. Station.



A HAMPSHIRE DOWN QUARTETTE WITH THEIR MOTHER

instance the fact that the great sand leek grows wild on the isle of Steephelm in the Bristol Channel; another plant peculiar to the island is



THE MODERN CHARCOAL BURNER: A SCENE IN THE WYRE FOREST

THE COWTHORPE OAK

SIR,—In the Yorkshire village of Cowthorpe, near Wetherby, there stands close by the church a famous oak, which even in its present ruinous state still yields a few acorns. Dr. Hunter, writing of this monarch of the forest in Evelyn's *Sylva* (1776), said: "When compared to this, all other trees are but children of the forest." One of the tree's principal branches fell during a storm in 1718.

Before this catastrophe its great arms spread their shadows over half an acre of ground. A further impression of size is given by the record that in 1860 the vicar, churchwardens and school-children of Wetherby, ninety-five in all, got inside the tree and, with the Union Jack aloft, sang the *Old Hundredth* and the *National Anthem*. It is not generally known that Guy Fawkes spent part of his youth in the village on his father's estate and frequently took a turn at bell-ringing.—J. A. CARPENTER.

CHARCOAL BURNING

SIR,—A hundred years ago charcoal burning in the Wyre Forest was a thriving industry. Little by little the men of the forest country found that, with the march of a civilisation bringing with it the manufacture of charcoal by chemical means, it was difficult for them to earn a living. A few years ago there were very few men left who knew the art of charcoal-burning, and the industry was fast dying out. Owing to the war a big revival has taken place, as charcoal is needed in many of our vital industries.—M. WHITCOMBE, Bewdley, Worcs.

KELT PROBLEMS

KELTS are an inseparable part of spring salmon fishing, and one meets them on occasion even as late as May, although in most rivers the majority will have departed by the end of March. I rather agree with Chaytor in welcoming an interlude with a vigorous kelt on a day when, for all the evidence available, there might not be a clean fish in the river. But one must admit that for the most part they are an unmitigated nuisance, and they also present the angler with problems of considerable complexity at times.

There is, of course, the obvious kelt, the kind of creature which even the beginner can hardly mistake. It is bright with the white sheen of nickel, so different from the steely blue reflections of the veritable springer, and it always reminds me of the definition of a line in the school books—length without breadth. But the variety of kelts is infinite, and some offer a sufficient test for the most experienced to decide if it is a "right" fish or not.

It is this which probably accounts for the way in which the old belief that kelts feed ravenously in fresh water persists even in anglers of very considerable experience. One catches a kelt thin as a lath and quite unmistakeable, but the next one may be very different. It fights well, looks well out of water, but a protruding vent, or some other sign, makes one decide that it is not a good one, and so it is, anyway, given the benefit of the doubt. These two differ in appearance more markedly than chalk from cheese, and how can No. 2 be so much superior to No. 1 unless it has struck a nice piece of feeding in the river since it spawned?

But all the real evidence available, and all expert opinion, is united in affirming that kelts do not feed in the real sense of the term in fresh water. An odd one or two may snap up an odd smolt or other small fish, just as a clean salmon will at times. But of the thousands of kelts which have been examined only a completely negligible percentage have contained any signs of food. In every case where kelts have been caught, weighed and marked and then released, only to be netted again after an interval, they have lost weight.

But the conclusive argument against the kelt-feeding theory always seems to me that if they did feed there would not be a living thing left in most of our salmon rivers, and their own and other species would have been extinct thousands of years ago.

It is a well known fact that in the sea the salmon has a prodigious appetite; its rate of growth is proof of that, and seven herrings have been found in the stomach of one caught in salt water. Suppose that kelts fed in our streams at this rate for several months in every year? What would be left in rivers like the Wye and others where the kelts drop back from the head waters to the tideway in their hundreds, even thousands, each winter and early spring?

The real explanation of the difference between kelt and kelt lies elsewhere, and in my opinion they are the fish of different runs. The obvious kelts were the springers which have now been in fresh water for a whole year without a real meal and are naturally both showing and feeling the consequences. How any animate creature can exist for so long, not in a comatose state or hibernating, but pursuing an active, even strenuous, life in running long distances up rivers, spawning, and then dropping back to the sea, is one of the greatest of all Nature's wonders.

What may be classed is the



SPRING SALMON FISHING ON THE LOWER TEST AT ROMSEY, HANTS

"middle" section of kelts are probably the summer salmon which came up from May to August and have therefore fasted for several months less than the springers. The "problem pieces" which perplex anglers, and not infrequently pay for the deception with their lives, are the autumn-run salmon, which had a whole summer's good feeding in the sea before coming up-river in September, October or November. Many of these spawn within a few weeks of leaving the sea, and so it is only natural that their loss of condition is far less than is the case in the spring fish.

I know one river where there is only a very late run because a reservoir retains the great bulk of the available water, and it is only in autumn and winter in most years that salmon can exist in the river and reach the spawning beds. For some years the local fishery board took out a number of these salmon for examination, and there was a project to try to exterminate them because, as they run only in late December—that is in the local close season for the district—they are useless.

The condition of these kelts in January and February is better than that of many fish in other rivers in the locality in September and October before they have spawned. They have, of course, lost weight in depositing their ova and milt, but they have not lost the additional weight by fasting for anything from six to twelve months.

Another curious and interesting fact about these fish is that, although the stream they frequent is quite a small one, they average far larger than those of the much bigger rivers in the same district. Presumably this also is due to their habit of late running with the consequent long spells of uninterrupted sea feeding.

There is, in my experience, no certain test which will enable one infallibly to distinguish the kelt from the clean fish. Certainly the way it plays is no criterion. Most kelts do not jump; the majority will not run far up-stream in fast water. But a percentage do both these things, and many kelts fight far better than some clean salmon, especially if one of the latter is hooked just after it has run some distance up a difficult river and is tired.

The presence or absence of gill maggots tells one nothing. Many kelts have few, if

any, of these parasites, while a clean fish which has been a couple of months in the river may be infested with them. Most useful, perhaps, is the advice given by Mr. W. J. M. Menzies, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for Scotland. He says that if the fish is placed on a flat background and examined, the contours of back and belly will be parallel in a kelt but concave in a clean fish, however thin it may be. I should not like to say that this test is always as easy to apply in practice as it sounds on paper, but it is probably the best of a poor lot.

There is not the least doubt that scores, possibly hundreds, of kelts are taken

home and eaten in mistake for honest-to-goodness salmon every spring. I have eaten kelt, knowing it to be kelt, and found it distinctly superior to the flabby, tasteless flesh of a legally clean hen fish in late September or October. I have given kelt to people who did not know it was kelt, and they pronounced it excellent food.

After all, the average non-angler does not eat salmon regularly. Often the fish he gets from a shop has been on ice for a considerable period, so how should he know the difference? The meat of a "well conditioned" kelt—that is, one which has not obviously deteriorated greatly in appearance—is certainly better food than that of some of the cheaper kinds of sea fish.

I feel that it would be no bad thing if, for the duration of the war, the prohibition against killing kelts were to be relaxed. We have had various alterations in the game laws to suit the emergency, and why not in the fishing seasons? The amount of additional food would be quite appreciable, and the effect on the future salmon supply negligible.

Of all the thousands of kelts which go back to the sea every spring only about five per cent., taking the rivers of the country as a whole, ever return. Why this should be so is still a complete mystery; it is a colossal and lamentable waste. As Mr. Menzies says in his book *The Salmon—Its Life Story*: "Where, when or how we know not; they disappear and are heard of no more."

While many kelts pay the penalty of mistaken identity, clean fish must sometimes reap the benefit of the doubts of conscientious anglers, and I will end with a story about a kelt which was not a kelt.

A friend of mine, L., and his wife, H., both comparative newcomers to the sport, were fishing a well known south country river in March. Presently H. hooked a fish which played well for a long time before it was beaten enough to be tailed. On land doubts arose as to whether it was a good 'un or not, and finally they decided to put it back.

The long fight and subsequent sojourn on dry land had not done the fish much good, but it was carefully replaced in the water and held to stream for about ten minutes until it finally moved off slowly under its own power on a level keel. However, on the far side of the river it got into fast water, turned belly up, and the last view they had was as it disappeared down-stream out of control. An hour or so later the river-keeper came along up-river carrying a salmon.

"Either of you lost a fish?" he asked. L. shook his head.

"No, the Missus landed a kelt and we put it back. Afraid it was too beat to recover!"

"That it?" asked the keeper. That was it without any doubt. "You put that back?" he asked incredulously. "Why, it's as good a fish as I've seen this year; weighs 17lb., too!"

WEST COUNTRY.



A 17 LB. SALMON WHICH INEXPERIENCED ANGLERS MISTOOK FOR A KELT

DIAGHILEV AND THE DANCE

Reviewed by JAMES LAVER

Diaghilev, His Life, His Work, His Legend. An intimate biography, by Serge Lifar. (Putnam, 21s.)

The Diaghilev Ballet in London. A Personal Record. By Cyril W. Beaumont. (Putnam, 10s. 6d.)

DIAGHILEV was a portent—almost a force of Nature. Like a great wind from the Steppes he swept over Europe and, for almost a generation, the whirlwind of which he was the centre sucked into its orbit every artistic influence and movement with which it came into contact. When the aesthetic history of the twentieth century comes to be written it will be impossible to present any complete picture without trying to understand both his creation and his own individual nature. It is for this last that *Diaghilev, His Life, His Work, His Legend* is to be welcomed. There have been many books about the Russian ballet, but of Diaghilev himself the picture has been fragmentary and inadequate, for the very good reason that very few were competent to paint it, for very few were admitted to the great impresario's inner life. M. Lifar was one of these, and the story he has to tell is therefore of quite unusual interest and of unique value.

Some readers may think that he has been too conscientious. The first part of the book is occupied by a careful and documented account of Diaghilev's early days in Russia when he was finding his feet and endeavouring to instil new life into Russian painting. The accounts of the founding of *The World of Art* and of efforts to organise exhibitions in St. Petersburg and Moscow are of considerable value to the student of art history, but the general reader may find them somewhat heavy going. It is when we find Diaghilev making himself responsible for revealing Russia to the Western world and, almost accidentally as it were, launching the Russian ballet in Paris, that the interest begins to quicken. Then, as the book progresses and

M. Lifar is able to draw upon his personal reminiscences, the detached historian gives place to the acute psychologist and the close friend, and the work really becomes "an intimate biography."

Diaghilev's greatness lay first in his immense sensitivity. In M. Lifar's admirable phrase, he reacted to all art with his entrails. But that in itself would not have been enough. There were, and always will be, many who react with passion and understanding to music, painting and the dance; but they remain amateurs and dilettanti. The unique power of Diaghilev lay in his capacity for synthesis, and it was this which made him an artist and an influence. All art is synthesis, but Diaghilev was an artist in the most intractable of all materials: human nature. He had to combine in one stupendous whole the painter, the musician, the choreographer, and the individual temperamental dancer, and he did this with such completeness that those who witnessed the result of his efforts realised that what they were seeing was indeed a new revelation. No one who came under the sway of the Russian ballet, at least in its early days, could ever be quite the same again.

Diaghilev was an extremely intelligent man, but he did not work rationally. Reason can explain, it cannot initiate, and Diaghilev's power was to move on the plane of the conscious intelligence with all the force of subconscious conviction. No one ever knew how he arrived at his astonishing decisions, at his bold strokes. Every now and then he seemed determined to break with everything he had striven for in the past. He did so and yet, when the results were assessed, they were found after all to be a logical development of the tradition which he had established. This made him incalculable, and while it increased his reputation and exalted his legend, often made him quite maddening to work with. He created, or helped to create,

a dozen reputations, yet the owners of all these quarrelled bitterly with him sooner or later. There were furious battles with Bakst, with Benois, with Ravel, with Stravinsky. His relations with Nijinsky are still a matter of heated controversy. He was at times as temperamental as only a Russian can be. He would break up his furniture in fits of passion which were half childish and half terrifyingly savage and primitive. He would threaten to jump out of the window, and really attempt to do it. He was tyrannically jealous of those to whom he had given his affection, and one of the most interesting passages in the present book is M. Lifar's attempt to analyse objectively Diaghilev's jealousy of Lifar's women and men friends and even of his success as a dancer.

Diaghilev saw in Lifar the successor of Nijinsky, and he spared no effort to cultivate not only his talent but his mind and his taste. Lifar rewards him by a devotion which shines through every line he has written, even when he is confessing the pain which Diaghilev often caused him. The book is indispensable to all who would understand what Diaghilev was.

A more objective account of what he accomplished is to be found in yet another book by the indefatigable Mr. Cyril W. Beaumont, *The Diaghilev Ballet in London*. Mr. Beaumont has already written largely on the ballet and by his excellent translations of the work of others has rendered a whole body of ballet literature available to the English public. The present volume is useful as a summing-up, and valuable because the author has been much more explicit than most writers on the subject, and has taken pains to try to render, so to speak, the whole stage-picture, with details of lighting, make-up and gesture. It is a welcome addition to the library of the dance.

NATURE, CHILDHOOD, WAR

IT is a quarter of a century since the name of Edmund Blunden emerged as that of a poet, and time has confirmed the rightness of those who acclaimed him early as the spiritual descendant of John Clare. In this volume, *Poems: 1930-1940* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), there is the same passionate love and quiet, delicate description of nature that marked his youth; there are many further examples of his memories of the huge upheaval of war that swallowed his early manhood; and there is the beautiful, nostalgic preoccupation with the morning light of childhood that has been responsible for so many of the best poems of his maturity. But what we do not find here—and what inevitably we miss from any poet's work at a time like the present—is any inspired leap into the moment that now is, and that so urgently needs all that only poets can do to interpret it and to clothe it in its own new beauty. Mr. Blunden comes nearest to this in his *Stanzas - Midsummer, 1937*, with the invocation to England:

"Know what is honest, what is sly uncover.
Be what you have been; English is no stain . . .
Prove now your bright Shakespearian sense
endures!"

And his *Elegy on His Majesty King George V* stands up well to the test of recent time, and seems likely to prove the best tribute then paid:

"All dwellers in the dark and in the sun,
In the most populous, the most lonely
places

Shall set a King among their old familiar faces."
His Munich poem would be better away, since it is no excuse—for a poet—to say, "I could not foresee that mischief when I wrote the verses." Among the lines on nature there is, as always, a wealth of choice for quotation. There is the striking poem, *At Warnham*:

"I was a boy here. Every fence and brake
I knew as well as morning prayers . . ."
in which the boy turns out to be Shelley, robbed by early death of that mine of remembrance which harbours gold for a poet's later years. There is *The Hurrying Brook*:

"Swerving and dodging like a boy who foils
His mates' pursuit
fast he runs and well

To keep his many appointments all at once,
Now the eel-stone, now the yellow lily, now
the white . . ."

And there is a country parson's soliloquy:
"How have I loved the loud lamenting gale

That floods the autumn storm through park
and pale,
And makes the good ship Life proceed with
shortened sail
Into the winter seas; I hear that tone,
And love it most when listening all alone."

Many and poignant are the evocations of war-time scenes, although after twenty years

"Those mists are spiritual
And luminous-obscure . . ."
The poem, *From Age to Age*, touches a height of unmistakable majesty, of major poetry, in its opening, with its commemoration of young companions killed in the last war:

"Retarded into history's marble eyes
Is their quick challenge and ability. . . ."
Over the whole collection is an individual atmosphere best described by the poet himself:

"Touched with a certain silver light. . . ."
Mr. Blunden has maintained his high standard; it is perhaps unreasonable to ask that, because the times are tremendous, he should add to his stature.

CHEERFUL TRAVEL

Savoy! Corsica! Tunis! (Jenkins, 10s. 6d.) by Bernard Newman. This is a cheerful book of Continental and Mediterranean travel, and the notes of exclamation in its title give a general key to the text. Against a political background afforded by the aggressive yells of Mussolini's henchmen, demanding France's treasured possessions on a platter, the author leaps on his bicycle from Alp to Alp, from Mediterranean beach to Corsican peak, from oasis to oasis. And all the time he keeps in mind the main political situation (as it was when he made his journey in 1939) and drops some illuminating hints with regard to what has happened since. He does not, as a matter of fact, plunge very deeply into military speculation, and his political prophecies are not particularly venturesome. However, nobody is likely to quarrel with his description of the pre-war situation either in Savoy or in Alsace-Lorraine—on which he throws in a special section as make-weight—and the attitude of the inhabitants of those distressful countries is of the greatest potential importance to-day. The account of his journeys in Tunis one must be content to read as a record of rather slapdash touring, though the account of the actual facts with regard to Italian population and Italian claims will be found useful, as indeed will most of the purely informative points of the

book. The best section is that which deals with Corsica, a country which Mr. Newman obviously knows and of which he writes with understanding. As he was there so lately as 1939, we can only hope that his account of Corsican feeling towards Mussolini was truly representative, and is so now. One cannot envy him his ride from Propriano over the Col de Bavella by night, and can only hope that his descriptions of Corsican travel—it must have deteriorated—will not deter anybody from making acquaintance with the "Ile de Beauté" when once the present turmoil is over.

SIXTY YEARS AGO

Mr. John Brophy is always a pleasure to read, both for quiet excellence of manner and for factual and psychological mastery over matter. With every book, too, his powers increase. This time, in *Green Ladies* (Collins, 8s. 6d.), he has chosen to continue the tale begun in *Green Glory*, but the book is self-contained. It deals with the days of Gladstone and Parnell, Gordon and Khartoum, chiefly through the medium of two officers and their wives; and it contains both a brilliantly able account of a military campaign and sure command over the motions of individual hearts. The tale works up admirably to a climax, and then leaves us wanting more. We hope we may get more in another volume. For novels of this high calibre are rare: novels that not only satisfy the literary sense, but are also the expression of a nature sincere, sensitive and widely understanding. Men of action, artists, women: Mr. Brophy knows how to get inside the skins of all of them. But he has one thing still to learn: how to let himself go when occasion demands. Restraint, in an artist, is difficult and admirable; but he must also be able to relax it.

BOOKS EXPECTED

From Mr. John Murray, *The Life and Times of Masaryk: the President Liberator*, by Victor Cohen, and a volume of short stories by Lord Gorell, *Wild Thyme and Other Stories*.

From Messrs. Collins, *Britain and Europe, 1900-1940*, by Douglas Jerrold.

From Messrs. Jonathan Cape, *German Odyssey*, by Otto Zarek, a German serving in our Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, who describes the literary and dramatic life of his country before the Hitler régime, and *Union Now with Britain*, proposals for a federation of the seven English-speaking democracies, by Clarence K. Streit. From Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the first instalment of *War for Britain: A History of the British Empire Overseas in the second German War*, by Donald Cowie.

By CONSTANCE HOLME

"Ploughing-Order has come," said Council Land.
It seemed pleased about it. . . . On its right hand
Old Park stirred quietly (it was always quiet), but did not speak.
(It did not often speak.) "Lazy!" said Council Land,
Chattering, week
In, week out, and thinking itself grand.
"I'm going to plough, of course; you'll have to, too.
I'm Government land, you see; I do
The right thing—what the country needs—not like you
Sleeping your time away! I've an example to set;
And maybe God will save the country yet."

Old Park took time to answer: "Time enow,"
It used to say (it used old words like that), "for going slow
And thinking before you act; and thinking twice."
Council Land hated that, of course; and, not being nice
In manners, made scuffling noises, so that men
Said: "There's them d—d rabbits on the job agen!"
"I do not sleep," said Old Park, "but I dream,
And, dreaming, I make history; and the gleam
Of my long memories hallows my demesne,
Giving men something to fight for; my example is set,
And maybe God will save the country yet."

Council Land hated that more than ever. "Wheat!"
It shouted. "Wheat, not dreams, that folks may eat!"
"They ploughed a cousin of mine in last War," Old Park said,
"And a wind came, and laid the long straw dead.
I'm too rich for corn. . . ." It laughed—"I grew
Thistles, sometimes; just a few
For old Squire to spud at; it gave him something to do."
Council Land said: "There'll be no wind. We manage better now."
"Ay," said Old Park, "you'll manage a deal! . . . But I'll not plough.
I'm sacred land, if you know what that means—sacred and set;
And maybe God will save the country yet."

"I've to plough, too," said Moorland, from the height.
(A thin voice, like a curlew's in the night.)
"I'm nervous about it. I'm not good land, like you.
But my Man'll do it all right.
He's a grand worker; he'll make do.
He'll work early and late,
Knowing a bite
Here and a bite there may save England in her strait.
I'm going to plough, too."
And all the land went silent like a face that is set . . .
And maybe God will save the country yet.

FARMING NOTES

LIVESTOCK POLICY: A LEAD WANTED

MANY farmers are asking for a clear-cut definition of livestock policy apart from pigs and poultry, the fate of which has been sealed. They want to know if the Government mean to encourage sheep and beef cattle as well as dairy cows, whether they should rear more or fewer calves, and so on. So far farmers have found no direct answer to these questions in Ministerial statements. It is doubtful if they ever will. How can anyone in Whitehall lay down rules for the stocking of 300,000 farms, each of them different? It would be a futile waste of time to attempt to dictate the livestock policy which individual farmers should pursue in the national interest. But it should be practicable for the Government to declare the objectives in general terms, leaving

farmers to work out for themselves how they can best adapt their plans to fulfil national requirements.

Many farmers—indeed, almost all of us—are only too anxious to do the right thing if we can be told plainly what is wanted and what is not wanted. It is pretty obvious that some classes of livestock cannot be regarded as highly in the war-time scale as others. With 4,000,000 acres less grassland, compared with two years ago, our farms simply cannot carry the same head of stock and at the same time produce several million tons more food for direct human consumption. It is more food for human beings that may become the crying need before next winter is through, and although by top-dressing the remaining pastures and so on we can make more fodder for cattle and

sheep, it is obvious that the land cannot support all the animals we had before the war. Some have to go. Which should they be?

LORD WOOLTON has made abundantly clear the value he places on an ample milk supply, especially through the winter months. More telling than any exhortation, he has fixed the contract prices for next winter's output of milk at very satisfactory figures which leave no reasonable dairy farmer any cause for disquiet about the prospects. Milk-production is evidently wanted and given priority. The dairy cows alone among stock are to be allowed full rations in April until the grass comes. For the others the coupon is devalued to ½cwt. So the dairy farmer has been told his duty.



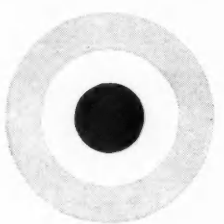
SUSSEX LAND GIRLS HELPING TO INCREASE THE POTATO CROP

These Students of the Sussex County Agricultural College at Plumpton, Sussex, working full time, got the seed potatoes in very early, a two-horse plough and a tractor giving double spacing and a good cover to the potatoes which were banked up as soon as the plants showed through and gave a satisfactory crop

What you can do in the **RAF**



Flying Duties. The R.A.F. wants keen, fit men between the ages of 17½-32 to volunteer for flying duties. Even if you have registered, you can still volunteer. Maximum ages—for pilots 30, for air observers or wireless operator/air gunners 32.



If you need coaching to the standard of education required for flying duties, are aged 17½-31, and are in other respects suitable, tuition will be provided for you near your own home, at the expense of the Air Ministry. Service training does not begin until 18.



Flight Mechanics. Skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen are needed to maintain and repair air frames, engines, armament and equipment. There are also vacancies for unreserved men who are mechanically minded, handy with tools and willing to be trained.



A.T.C. Those who are between 16-18 and, therefore, still too young for flying duties, should enrol in the Air Training Corps. Having thus obtained valuable preliminary experience they will be able to enrol in the R.A.F. at 17½. Squadrons are being formed in schools, universities and in chief towns.



W.A.A.F. The W.A.A.F. wants women keen to help in the great work of the flying men of the R.A.F. If you have had experience as a Secretary, Typist, Shop Assistant, or Cook, you can be readily trained for important duties.

For fuller information about any of the above duties, apply to the R.A.F. Section of your nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange). If you cannot call, write today for details.

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Please send me latest details of:—

Flying Duties ☐ NAME
Free tuition scheme ☐ ADDRESS
Flight Mechanics ☐
A.T.C. ☐
W.A.A.F. ☐
X against the one in which you are interested.

C.L. 22/3

The Smiths



prefer patriotism

Mr. Smith: I've just got the estimate for that job we were going to have done.

Mrs. Smith: Not too expensive, I hope?

Mr. Smith: It's very reasonable; but I hate to disappoint you, dear. I've come to the conclusion this is one of those things that ought not to be done in war time.

Mrs. Smith: Oh, how depressing! And I'd set my heart on it, too.

Mr. Smith: I know you had; so had I. But it would have used up material and labour which will be much better employed in helping to win the war.

Mrs. Smith: But we've been saving up for it for such a long time. After all it isn't as if we haven't done our bit. We've both got our full ration of Savings Certificates. Surely . . .

Mr. Smith: I know, old girl, but that's not enough. While Hitler's still on the warpath we mustn't spend on anything we can do without. I think we should go on helping to bring victory nearer by putting this money into Defence Bonds. They're a pretty good proposition, pay a steady 3% and are always worth what you gave for them.

Mrs. Smith: Then we can carry out our little scheme after the war?

Mr. Smith: . . . and be able to make a jolly sight better job of it, too!

Mrs. Smith: That'll be marvellous. Darling, I think you're right. After what you've said, perhaps I *wouldn't* feel happy about spending that money at the present time.

Save regularly week by week. Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-1948, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks, Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.

It is to maintain his output of milk next winter. He will have to work economically, not because the contract prices are low, but because all feeding-stuffs are likely to be scarce and he must grow practically all his herd's requirements. He cannot afford to carry any passengers. Low-yielding cows must be culled. They will make good enough prices at the Ministry of Food's collecting centres. It is wonderful how well some of these meaty matrons weigh.

The dairy farmer has to look two or three years ahead in his plans for the herd. This is the dairy farmer as distinct from the cow-keeper who merely buys young cows freshly calved and milks them for two or three lactations. The dairy farmer proper rears the replacements for his herd, saving the best heifer calves to fill the cowshed in future years. No one in authority has said anything definite about dairy heifers, but it is fairly clear that if the dairy farmer is to carry on as the nation requires he must keep his young stock and provide for them. Dairy heifers must come next to milking cows on the priority list. Beef cattle can take only third place, and if cattle numbers have to be reduced it is beef production mainly that will suffer.

THERE is confusion about sheep policy, and no farmer can say with certainty what the Government want. It is important that something definite should be stated now. It may perhaps be taken for granted that sheep are wanted on the hills. The land can produce nothing but wool and lambs. The subsidy of 2s. 6d. for every breeding ewe on the hills which is to be paid this season shows that the Government, at any rate the Secretary of State

for Scotland, realise the importance of the hill flocks. But what about the lowland flocks? A large acreage of second-class grazings which ordinarily carry flocks of grass ewes has come under the plough, and on many farms the ewe stocks have necessarily been reduced. Indeed, some War Agricultural Committees are adopting the line that no land suitable for ploughing should be reserved in permanent grass for sheep. Inevitably farmers with grass sheep will have to reduce their flocks further, in some cases give them up altogether, as the food-production campaign is intensified.

But the hurdle flocks maintained on the arable land are essential to the sustained success of the campaign. There are thousands of acres in Dorset, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, and other districts, of light land where no satisfactory substitute has been found for the old-fashioned Down flock hurdled on roots in the winter and green crops in the summer. The flock is the foundation of fertility for succeeding corn crops, and nothing out of a fertiliser bag will match the golden hoof on this class of land. Farmers know this full well, but unhappily it is a fact that some are giving up their hurdled flocks. They need definite guidance from the Government and financial encouragement to meet the increasing costs involved in keeping a hurdled flock. Roots are expensive to grow, the shepherd's wages have risen at least 33 per cent., hurdles cost 27s. a dozen instead of 21s., and so on. The hurdle-flockmaster wants to know what the nation expects of him and to be enabled to perform his duty.

MUGGY, growing weather after the hard spell brought on the winter wheat

strongly again. It is many years since I have seen the corn looking so well in March. There have been some crop failures, attributed usually to wireworm, but due often to bad cultivations. Considering the large acreage of second-class land now under the plough, it is remarkable that the country looks so well. What rejoices the heart, too, is the well laid hedges and the cleared ditches in districts where everything was overgrown two years ago. We have indeed made a good start in smartening up agricultural Britain. Much remains to be done.

FERTILISERS and seed potatoes are the two problems that keep a neighbour of mine awake at night. He cannot get delivery of either, and he has spoken to me several times in bitter terms about the bungling in Government departments. I do not know that Whitehall is to be blamed at all. In my case the advice put out by the Ministry of Agriculture in the autumn was followed and the farm requirements for seed potatoes and fertilisers were ordered long before Christmas. They have been in the barn for two months. Some of the sulphate of ammonia has already gone on to the grass to induce an "early bite." My neighbour no doubt heard this advice and ignored it because he does not, or did not, believe in ordering anything until he wants it. Now he knows better. But I do not blame him altogether. He did put in an order for superphosphate and sulphate of ammonia in January, and no doubt, taking his turn, he will get delivery later this month or in early April. I hope so, for his sake. Being one of the early birds this time, I can adopt this superior attitude.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S SALE

THE news of the largest single sale of English land from one private owner to another in recent years has transpired, almost prematurely, through the issue of a letter to his tenants by the vendor. Technically it is, perhaps, incorrect to say that the Duke of Portland is the vendor, for the Welbeck Estates Company, Limited, are the holders of the land, and to say that the Duke of Devonshire is the buyer may be hardly less accurate in the strictly formal sense, seeing that the Chatsworth Estates Company is understood to have negotiated the purchase.

The property just sold is that which was mentioned in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on January 25, namely, 10,030 acres in the Dukeries. Messrs. Bidwell and Sons' head office at Cambridge then intimated that the estates would be submitted, as a whole or in 187 lots, at Worksop this month. If an auction had been held, Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) would have had to deal with forty-three farms, all equipped with first-rate houses and buildings, fifty-six cottages, and nearly 300 acres of woodland. The freeholds, though handled as a whole, are really four in number, and are known as Whitwell, Elmlton, Mattersey and Gringley estates, and they lie in ten parishes, near Mansfield, Worksop and East Retford, to wit, Cresswell, Bolsover, Pleasley, Sutton, Lound and Laneham, and the four parishes that give their names to the separate parts. The rental exceeds £8,100 a year, and it is generally considered to be much below what could be commanded for the holdings to-day.

Major D. W. Turner, of the Portland Estate Office at Mansfield Woodhouse, had charge of the offer, and the vendor's solicitors were Messrs. Baileys, Shaw and Gillett.

It was suggested in COUNTRY LIFE, last January, that in all probability, such is the demand for first-rate agricultural land as an investment, the property might never have to be brought under the hammer. Now that that surmise has been proved to be sound, it is gratifying to be able to announce that on behalf of the vendor every tenant has been notified that no change in their tenancies is contemplated. The long-standing tenants, large and small, have each received from the Duke of Portland a personal letter saying how sorry he is that at last their pleasant association throughout so many years must be broken off. His Grace, who is eighty-three years of age, has always enjoyed the highest popularity among his tenants, as indeed in every other relation of life, and his letter is no mere formality to excuse a sale. It is fortunate for the tenants that they are on property which is passing to another great proprietor whose reputation as a good landlord is second to none.

No formal notification of the sale has been issued by either party to it, and conjectures which have been hazarded as to the terms of the purchase are far from accurate. In all likelihood a portion of the property not contiguous to the domain of the Duke of Devonshire will be resold in the immediate future, but no hint of this has yet been forthcoming. The transaction constitutes a significant variation of what has in recent months come to be almost common form—in that it is a purchase by an already very large landowner, and not by an insurance company or other investing corporation. Regarded from that standpoint, the transaction is surely one of the most convincing proofs of the esteem in which agricultural land is held by those who have the benefit of the highest expert advice in the use of capital.

A MANOR NEAR BANBURY

FARTHINGHOE LODGE, a picturesque old manor house between Banbury and Brackley, will come under the hammer with 510 acres, on April 3 in Banbury. Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. are preparing particulars, and they will offer the freehold as a whole or, failing a sale in that way, in sixteen lots. The property, which belonged to the late Mrs. Rush, comprises three farms, some woodland, many village lots, and two secondary residences. The late owner's agents, co-operating on this occasion, are Messrs. Maxwell and Stilgoe.

Some miles of trout fishing are among the attractions of 272 acres, on the border of Radnor and Hereford, for sale with a luxuriously fitted residence, for £16,000, by Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison.

Rawdon Hall, Arthington, and 20 acres, in the Bramham Moor country, eight miles from both Leeds and Harrogate, await a buyer through Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff.

Three first-rate residences were selected from their register by Messrs. Curtis and Henson for illustration in the supplementary pages of COUNTRY LIFE (March 8). They are to be let, but one, near Iwer, might be sold. The others are near Pershore, and in the Sussex Weald.

Mrs. Murray-Usher, of the Caldys estate, Gatehouse-of-Fleet, privately offers for sale 3,680 acres of sheep farms, in Twynholm and Girthon, Kirkcudbright. The sheep would have to be taken in the usual way at a valuation. There are grouse shooting and fishing.

To-day (March 22), at Wisbech, Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons will submit about 600 acres of potato-, corn-, fruit- and bulb-growing land, in holdings ranging from 30 to 260 acres or more.

Jointly, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock and Messrs. Mandley and Sparrow have sold

Hammonds House, a Georgian residence with a nice acreage, near the golf course at Harpenden.

THREE MILES OF TROUT FISHING

THREE miles of trout fishing go with a Herefordshire freehold of 270 acres, which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley offer by private treaty. The house is of stone, with very ornate external timbering. Another property offered by the firm (for sale or to be let furnished) is on the fringe of Dartmoor, and the 300 acres are intersected by the Teign. Here there are a couple of miles of salmon and trout fishing. Part of a Suffolk house, near Halesworth, is of fifteenth-century origin. The 71 acres around it include 60 acres that produce a rent of £45 a year, and the price quoted for the entirety is £4,000. Other stated terms are £4,750, for a modernised old-fashioned house and 2 acres on the Chilterns, close to Peppard Common; and £3,500, for a freehold of 18 acres in the New Forest, five miles from Brockenhurst and two from New Milton.

An Adam mansion, finely modernised residentially, and 3,000 acres, property producing more than £1,500 a year, are privately for disposal by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The shooting and trout fishing are unusually good.

OLD MANORIAL CUSTOMS

RESEARCH into the records of the Polstead Hall estate, a Suffolk manor mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE on September 7 (page 224), reveals much uncommon material about free rents collected annually by the lord of the manor from the freeholders. These were in most cases small sums of money, but at least two of the freeholders of the manor of Polstead also provided the lord with "a capon (or fowl)." Another paid a gillyflower, defined in the Oxford Dictionary as a clove-scented pink. Perhaps this was the equivalent of the more modern nominal rent of a peppercorn. Another landowner who held the manor of Sprotts from the lord of the manor of Polstead paid as his due a pound of pepper, and in later years one shilling and fourpence in lieu thereof.

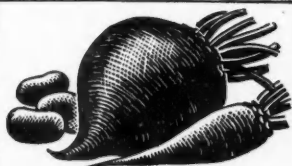
A question of interest to owners and agents is the liability for money belonging to a client, and its loss or destruction through enemy action. A legal opinion has been taken on the point, and it is to the effect that, to prevent loss of such money falling on the agent, it should be kept separate from other funds, and a specially accurate account of it kept. Of course, too, it should be banked directly the sum comes to an appreciable amount. The separate account for client's money, and prompt banking of it, are even now not fully recognised as being of such importance as they really are.

ARBITER.

QUANTITY OF
SULPHATE OF AMMONIA
TO APPLY PER ACRE



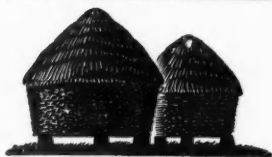
AUTUMN-SOWN WHEAT—
1 to 2 cwt. in SPRING.



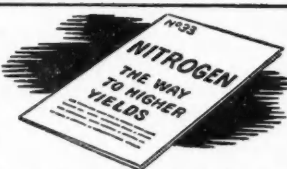
POTATOES, MANGOLDS AND
SUGAR BEET—2 to 3 cwt.
Just before planting.



KALE—3 to 4 cwt.
Just before planting.



PERMANENT GRASS for HAY—
1 cwt. in SPRING, if dung is
not available.



Get 'Growmore' Leaflet No. 33
('Nitrogen—the way to higher yields')
from the Ministry of Agriculture, St.
Anne's on Sea, Lancs.

*"Every endeavour must be made to
produce the greatest volume
of food of which this fertile island
is capable"*

WINSTON CHURCHILL

EVERY ACRE MUST BE DRESSED FOR GREATER YIELDS

Your country's need is great—we must have heavier crops from arable and grass to feed both man and beast.

Increased output is easy to get : And it pays!
Dress all your land with Sulphate of Ammonia.

★ Order now
all the Sulphate
of Ammonia
you will need
up to June.

**EVEN
FROM 1 CWT.
SULPHATE OF
AMMONIA
THE AVERAGE
INCREASES IN
YIELDS ARE —**

	GRAIN	STRAW
WHEAT	} 2½—3 Cwt.	5—6 Cwt.
OATS		
BARLEY		
SWEDES	20 Cwt.	
MANGOLDS	32 „	
KALE	30 „	
MEADOW HAY	5 „	
POTATOES	20 „	

UPLAND PLOUGHING

Farming on a small scale in Sussex—Harnessing a difficult sloping site for the production of food crops and the method employed to achieve success

THIS holding is typical of many that are to be found among the wooded hills of Surrey and Sussex. Of the hundred acres comprised, nearly sixty had either been planted with chestnut or been allowed to revert to the native woodland of oak, hazel and birch with alders along the swampy hollows, or wherever a little stream ran. Yet the ancient history of the Hill was plain to see, for even in the deep woods the lines of the old hedge banks were clearly traceable as vestiges of the old days when the heathery common land on the summit was closely grazed by sheep and these crumbling ridges marked the boundaries of the little upland fields. Here and there, on the more level ledges of the Hill, small pastures still remained, but the hedges were a wide tangle of brambles hastening towards the centre and the bracken had begun to pour slowly down the slopes. Everywhere, among the well drained sandy banks, the rabbits pullulated invincibly, and the little soured

fall flat, the edge was merely undercut so that it hung down and the grass was thus completely covered when the slice went over. It was found that the sharp, sudden twist imparted by the action of the digger made it possible to lay the furrows against the slope where the furrows from a general-purpose type of mould-board would inevitably have flopped back again. This was an advantage, for, rather than running straight down the slope, the upland fields mostly ran along the sides of the hill and so the direction of ploughing could be arranged to give the greatest length of work. The aim was to put the mat down, and keep it down.

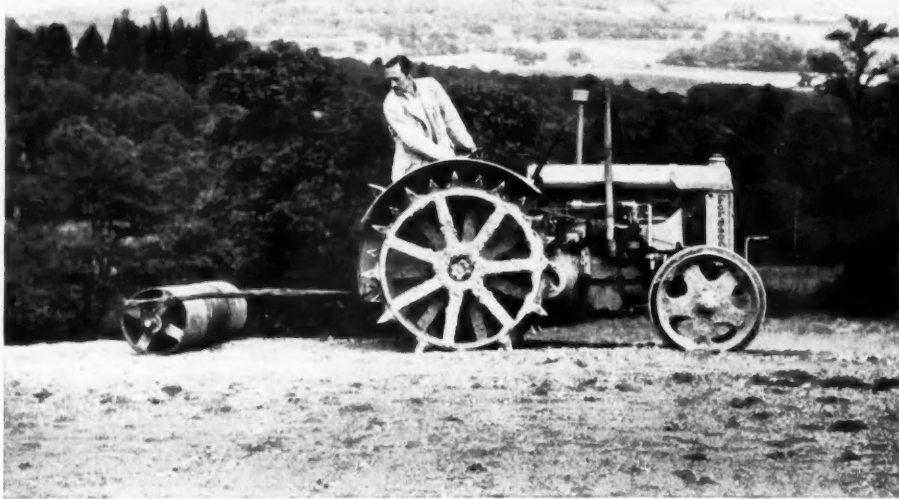
Endless trouble with the old land drains, hauling out birch seedlings with tractor and chain, and the unfavourable weather of the 1940 winter caused much delay, so, though one and a half tons of ground limestone per acre was the only treatment that time was allowed for, it was nearly the end of March before three bushels of Little Joss seed was

lem in turned-up pasture. Autumn or spring is the time, of course, for the worm is then feeding near the surface.

On the whole, linseed proved the most satisfactory crop. One of the worst fields, very sour and with a matted turf, on a very steep slope, was selected, as rabbits were too numerous for corn to stand a chance. There was no time to apply lime or fertiliser, but the field was harrowed four times and rolled twice after ploughing, and the seed broadcast with a fiddle and then harrowed and rolled again. About 12cwt. of seed per acre was finally threshed out and a lot was left in the straw.

In dealing with these small fields on steep slopes it was found that small horse-drawn implements, fitted with a draw-bar, were about all the tractor could manage expeditiously. The larger models, built for tractor draught, often bogged or had to waste too much time juggling with the slopes. On the other hand, a self-lift tractor cultivator has been found effective this season with the tractor kept in top gear, the method being to charge downhill, shattering the clods very thoroughly owing to the high speed, then lifting the implement at the bottom to run up a headland track to the top again. But for ploughing, and most other cultivations, working on a traverse across the slope is most convenient; the down-hill method leads to too much running about for the good of the land, unless it is very dry.

MICHAEL HAWORTH BOOTH.



ABOVE THE SUSSEX WEALD

Consolidation after ploughing matted old turf is an important factor in successful cultivation

herbage left failed to interest the hungriest sheep. As things were before the war it was obviously not a business proposition to undertake the costly renovation of these fields for the benefit of the vermin. Accordingly attention was concentrated on improvement of the productiveness of the woodlands with a keen look-out for good offers for building sites for the sections nearest the road. In hundreds of similar places people were doing much the same thing—it was all that could be done as an economic operation.

The advent of war, however, has demanded that every piece of land in the country should be made to play its part in producing food for either man or edible beast. I therefore decided to take the farmable land on the place in hand and see whether enough fertility had been gained and stored during the long rest to provide the plant food for a few crops.

The steepness of the slopes was such that the old Fordson, on cleated wheels, had to be superseded by a new Red Spot on spade lugs, but the old No. 7 Oliver plough, with digger mould-boards, proved, being short and wide-based, to be almost the ideal plough for the job. It was set so as to cut an 11in. furrow about 7in. deep, with skim coulters arranged to cut a nick about 4in. deep in the wall of the rising slice. The result of this setting was that instead of the skims cutting off the edge of the furrow, thus lightening it at the point where weight was most required to make it

broadcast on the wheatland. Although eaten almost out of sight in late April, a dressing of nitro-chalk in May pulled the plant together, and we finally harvested eight sacks to the acre of a surprisingly fine sample.

Oats were so badly damaged by rabbits that they proved rather a disappointing crop. There had been no time to apply lime, and it was still so wet that the seed was rather mauled into the ground. This soil, on the oatland, looked particularly good, but appearances were deceptive, for analysis showed that, though the potash content was abnormally high, possibly partly owing to the large amount of ashes which we spread after burning the brash that covered the fields, phosphates were dangerously low. This shortage was probably partly responsible for the poor plant establishment. Wireworms were not the culprits, for though these pests, together with cockchafer grubs, were present in large numbers before ploughing, they were almost exterminated during the cultivations by the simple procedure of having fifty hungry hens following the implement. The fowls were given no morning feed on ploughing days and were removed from field to field in a large slatted-floor house mounted on an old car chassis fitted with an improvised draw-bar. I have no doubt at all that if a single-furrow digger plough were used and care taken to keep a fresh team of birds in reserve for the afternoon work this method would deal effectively with the wireworm prob-

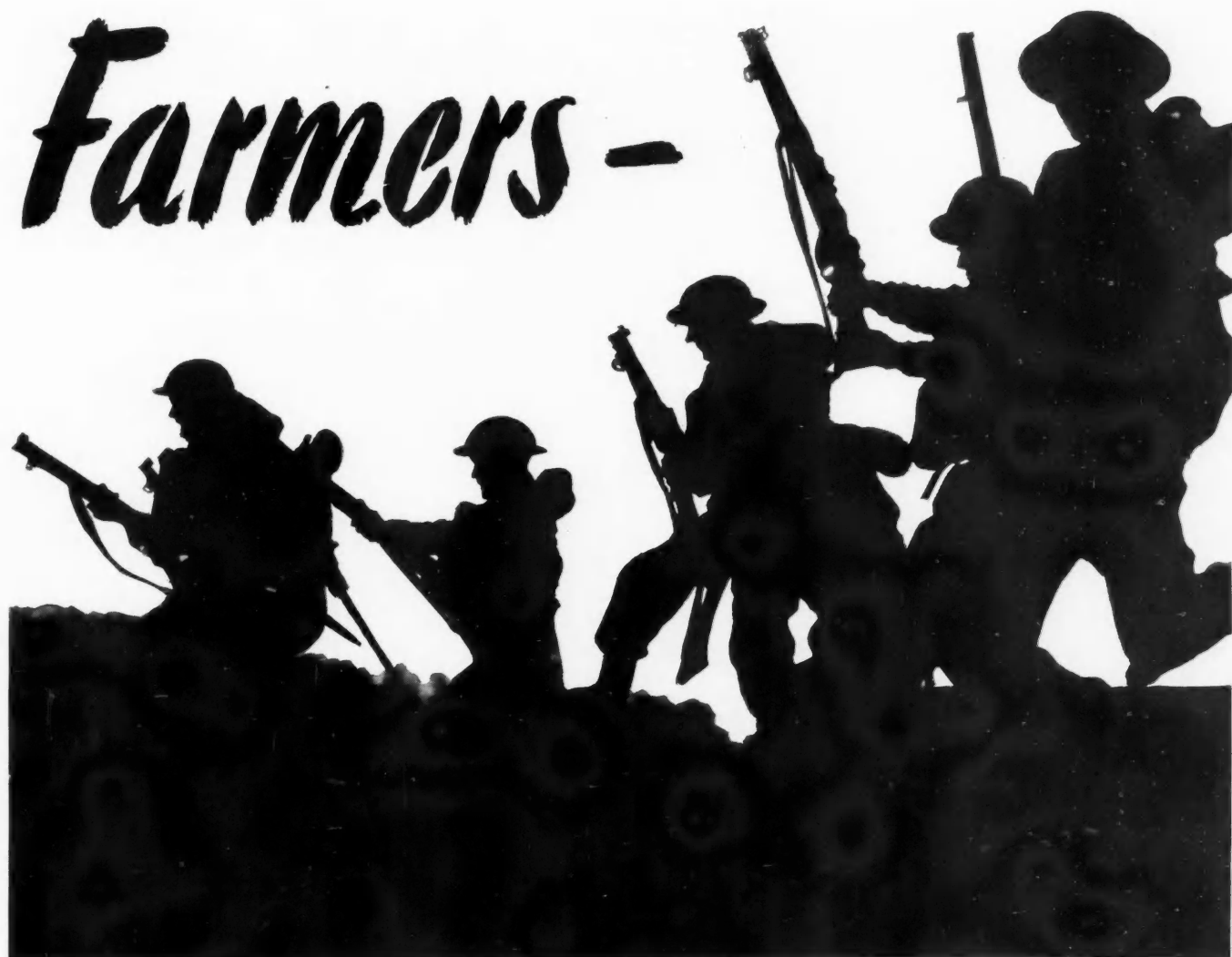
HEALTHY POULTRY

Progressive poultry-keeping has reached a stage when, for maximum success, the poultry-keeper must make himself familiar with the all-important problems of disease, and thus perfect personal management. His reference library is complete only when a standard work on diseases is included, and *Diseases of Poultry* (Crosby Lockwood, 9s. 6d.), by Mr. Ernest Gray, M.R.C.V.S., F.R.M.S., fills exactly that requirement. The author, who is lecturer in veterinary hygiene at the Essex Institute of Agriculture, Chelmsford, accepts the principle that the menace of disease is always present in the struggle of life for life. Individual medicinal treatment of sick birds, however, is regarded by him as seldom an economic proposition. Instead, he emphasises the fact that the principles of disease prevention depend upon an understanding of the bird's physical structure and basic requirements. Accordingly the first two chapters, embracing twenty pages, are devoted to the anatomy and physiology of the fowl. They are followed by special sections on hygiene, sanitation, and immunity before specific diseases are dealt with. Here the author's method of treatment is to be highly commended, for when dealing with the disorders of the air passage Mr. Gray is careful to explain in simple language the working of the circulatory system. Before ovarian disorders are explained the egg-productive system is outlined in a practical and interesting way. Particular mention should be made of the final chapter, which guides the reader in regard to the practical application of his studies. The keen student faced with the first warning sign of a gathering storm of illness is thus informed of the correct procedure to follow. This is important at a time when, if fowls are kept it must be on the most practical lines.

CONTINUOUS CROPPING

Mr. Tom Wibberley attacks the problem of agriculture and the land from a strictly practical angle in *The New Farming* (Pearson, 8s. 6d.). As his father's disciple, he sets out the continuous cropping plan which the late Professor Wibberley introduced. These ideas have a special significance to-day when we all have to use our land to the utmost advantage and by skilful cropping secure the greatest possible output. Professor Wibberley developed his ideas when he was in County Limerick working under the Irish Department of Agriculture. The county was largely given to milk production, and there was much scope for increasing the quantity of milk produced and reducing the cost of production by the encouragement of home-grown feeding-stuffs to the exclusion of concentrated cakes and meals, mostly foreign. Carrying his father's ideas a stage further to meet war-time conditions in this country, Mr. Tom Wibberley advocates a revolution in farming practice—for instance, taking three crops from one sowing and sowing cereals in the summer. It is not claimed that the Wibberley plan is a new system of land management, but rather the modern application of old scientific and practical discoveries.

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SULPHATE of AMMONIA

THE NEW SPRING TAILOR-MADES

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

THE time of year has come when even the most resolutely self-denying woman begins to wonder whether the coats and suits she has been wearing all the winter should be expected to carry on very much longer. New clothes can have a tonic effect, and March winds often emphasise the need for something of the sort at the end of a long winter; very soon, too, clothes that have been only warm enough for facing snow and sleet begin to feel positively tiresomely heavy as days lengthen and sunshine grows stronger.

The decision to make one's choice of new clothes something in the way of tweeds has two or three very strong recommendations. A simple suit or overcoat in a good tweed takes very long to date, is extraordinarily durable and—the old-time barrier between town and country clothes having been practically abolished “for the duration”—is extremely wearable. There is also the strong argument in favour of buying now that it is all too probable that restrictions may considerably reduce the choice available as the war progresses.

With these thoughts in mind I have chosen for this week's illustrations what seems to me an eminently sensible and becoming tweed outfit from one of the tailors best known for this sort of thing in all London—and indeed with customers in pre-war days all over the world—Messrs. Aquascutum, Limited, of Regent Street. At this shop I have seen for years past the very nicest and newest ideas in tweeds, and it is wonderful how, in spite of everything, width of range, quality and freshness still distinguish their stock. From the many I have chosen a coat and skirt in plain Harris tweed, for the reason that it shows, for those who do not greatly admire—as I do—checks and colour combinations, how practical and attractive a tweed can be which owes nothing to those factors. This is made in one of the light-weight Harris tweeds suitable for wear under an overcoat in cold weather and without one when the days grow warmer. Having a particular liking for single-breasted coats because they look so well in house or office worn open, I have illustrated a suit of that type; the same suit can be had in a double-breasted version, and the light-weight plain Harris tweeds can be had in lovely colours of which I found a good dark grey and a red, in an excellent coat and skirt shade, particularly covetable. As a contrast in materials, the sensible overcoat in check, light but warm, beautifully easy to slip into, and suited both for street wear and travel, seems to me an ideal choice.

It is a rather pathetic fact that the conditions of war-time—when so many young folks, generously and wisely I feel, marry in spite of the uncertainty of their future—make it inevitable that young wives in many cases must face the arrival of a first baby with all the planning and purchasing that it involves alone. The lucky ones have mothers of their own to help and advise them in making preparations for the newcomer's reception, but they, in common with the loneliest young wife whose sailor, soldier or airman is far away, are finding The Treasure Cot Company, Limited (103, Oxford Street, W.1, and 137, New Street, Birmingham), a splendid source of the material to make all their best plans for themselves and their nursery become realities. This old-established firm of specialists in everything for mothers and babies issues an excellent, if nowadays abridged, catalogue and puts



(Above) AN OVER-COAT IN HOME-SPUN TWEED IN BEIGE, BROWN, AND RED, USEFUL ALL THE YEAR ROUND



Karl Schenker

the experience of many years at the service of those who consult them.

Some forms of economy—that is, of reducing expenditure—are very uneconomical indeed, and one of these is the use of anything but really the best soaps, tooth-pastes and other toilet articles. Inferior soaps, for instance, if they do no harm, have not the definitely helpful effect on the skin that can be expected from really good ones chosen with an eye to the needs of one's own complexions. A soap which anyone who has not yet found their ideal should certainly try is Bronnley's Turtle Oil Soap, and it is by no means expensive, an ordinary table costing eightpence. After a long, tiring day, working in hot or dusty surroundings, the face and neck should be liberally lathered with it, and as the basis of a quick home beauty treatment it will prove most satisfactory.

(Below) AN IDEAL SUIT FOR SPRING WEAR IN A RED LIGHT-WEIGHT HARRIS TWEED



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"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD

No. 582

SOLUTION to No. 581

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of March 15 will be announced next week.

S	A	O	A	K	U	M	C	K
S	I	L	V	E	R	I	I	M
E	O	M	N	R	M	T		
I	R	O	N	G	E	R	P	O
R	A	N	D	C	U	F	F	
H	A	N	D	C	U	F	F	
A	U	T	E	S	A			
S	H	I	P	O	F	T	H	E
T	L	R	E	E	A			
E	M	P	I	R	E	C	H	I
E	C	I	A	N	R			
E	N	N	A	G	A	S	T	R
T	T	H	T	O	A	I		
S	O	L	E	N	T	L	A	L
R	S	S	P	E	E	D	E	E

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 582, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2." and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, March 27, 1941.**

The winner of Crossword No. 580 is
J. P. McMurray, Esq.,
"Lismoya," Rathgael, Bangor, N. Ireland.

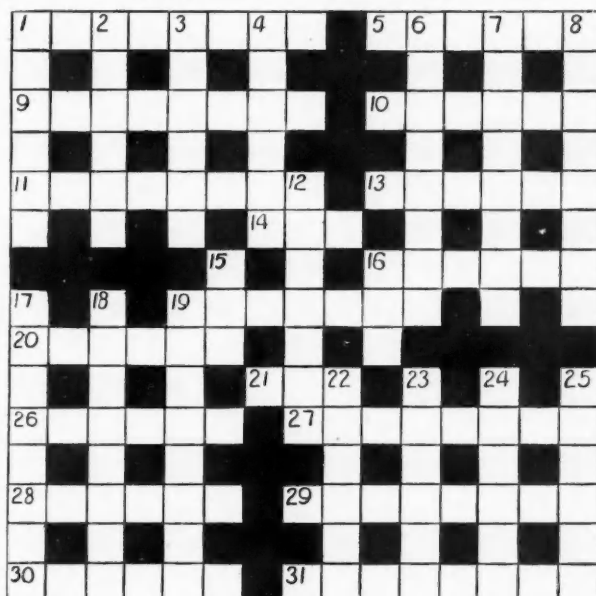
ACROSS.

- 1 and 5. "That ——— whence we came," according to Wordsworth. To Arnold Bennett it was a hotel *de luxe* (two words, 8, 6)
9. What the shopkeeper does when he has sold out—if he can (8)
10. "Less modest than the speech of ———" *—Swift* (6)
11. As the Far East and the Far West they should, of course, meet (8)
13. A line on a vessel on Tyneside (6)
14. To replace an overturned "bus" (3)
16. What you might expect to get from a red inn (6)
19. "Rice! Bah!" (anagr.) (7)
20. London station named after a ducal seat (6)
21. The line that leaves the last (3)
26. Write a taper in French (6)
27. And the rest in Latin (8)
28. "Far off through creeks and ——— making
Comes silent, flooding in, the main." *—A. H. Clough* (6)
29. Sing among the corn? No, just the reverse: disdaining to (8)
- 30 and 31. A castle in the air that is no visionary project (two words, 6, 8).

DOWN.

1. Earl is converted to Jewry (6)
2. This coin is set in a vegetable (6)
3. Deprived either of castle or money (6)
4. A shankless person conceals a pair none the less (6)
6. Part of the Mediterranean (8)
7. And fetters for dogs (8)
8. The way one part of the hospital faces? (8)
12. Being God (7)
- 15 and 16. Hills that provide chaps with a swimming pool? (6)
17. Bristol claims one, Devon many a one (8, or two words, 3, 5)
18. It has been the Middlesex home of more than one Child (8)
19. The home of a Georgian Prime Minister and the title of a Victorian poet (8)
22. The face of Nash's London (6)
23. A rabbit-catcher (6)
24. Grieve about a tree? (6)
25. They began gesticulating. Find the river (6).

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